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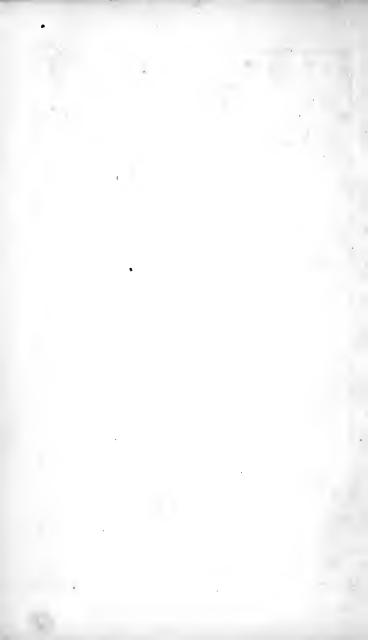




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THE

YOUNG LADIES' OASIS:

or,

Gems of Prose and Poetry.

EDITED BY

N. L. FERGURSON.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned, To warn, to comfort, and command, And yet a spirit, still and bright, With something of an angel's light,"

SECOND EDITION.

LOWELL:
NATHANIEL L. DAYTON.
1851.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1850,

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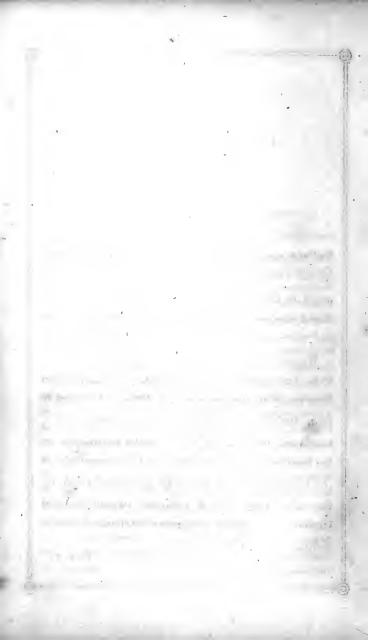
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INTRODUCTION.

According to lexicographers, the "oasis" is well understood to be a bright, refreshing spot, in a barren and sandy desert. How far this may be considered true of the "Young Ladies' Oasis," compared to the many valuable and meritorious works already before the public, designed for the gentler sex, the compiler leaves for its readers to judge.

We do not, however, in this compilation, assume to be first in rank, or last in merit. We have culled from many of the flowers, and have endeavored to form such an arrangement of prose and poetry, combined with moral and religious sentiment, as, we trust, will not only amuse and be acceptable to the reader, but that the good impressions left on the mind may have a tendency to elevate, and stimulate, to higher and more intellectual attainments.

N. L. F.



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THE

YOUNG LADIES'

OASIS.

MY BOOKS.

Golden volumes! richest treasures!
Objects of delicious pleasures!
You my eyes rejoicing please,
You my hands in rapture seize,
Brilliant wits and musing sages,
Lights who beamed through many ages!
Left to your conscious leaves their story,
And dared to trust you with their glory;
And now their hope of fame achieved,
Dear volumes! — you have not deceived!

THE OASIS.

The travellers passed o'er a desert drear,
'Neath scorching suns, o'er scorching sands;
Few fertile spots the vision cheer,
Few welcome shades invite their bands:
Day after day they travelled on,
Till fell exhaustion claimed the breath;
When fainting, at the setting sun,
A broad Oasis saved from death:
They ate, they drank — forgot their fears;
Again the future bright appears.

Not far unlike it is this age
Of red and yellow novel reading;
Fiction and trash are all the rage;
Sense to be heard in vain is pleading;
The mind, in error's mazes lost,
Sickens for want of solid duty;
It finds it — but at what a cost! —
Perceptions dulled to truth and beauty:
But here's a pure Oasis spread,
To purify both heart and head.

PRESENTATION TO A LADY.

I BEG thee keep this simple gift For one who oft will think of thee, And feel most happy should it bring Some passing memory of me. Not when the smile is on that brow. Though then thou seem'st some spirit bright; Not when the tears of sorrow flow. To chase away that spirit's light; Not in the crowd, that hollow cheat, Where grief is decked in festal flowers. And the free heart forgets to beat, And folly draws insipid hours; Nor would I have thee think of me When morning wears her robes of dew. And wild birds wake their reveille, And thou hast caught the morning's hue. No! let it be the twilight hour, When musing memory loves to reign, And gather up each germ and flower That scatter o'er life's travelled plain. No matter where my steps may stray, How dark or bright my fate may be; Yet still through life's unmeasured way, Believe me a true friend to thee.

WOMAN MAN'S BEST FRIEND.

When woman smiles, she has the power
To heal our griefs, and calm our fears;
Should sickness wound, should fortune lower,
She shares our sorrows, dries our tears.

And she can soothe the cares of age,
As rolls time's furrowing course along;
Can cheer us with the classic page,
Or lull us with the magic song

When stretched upon the bed of death
Departing nature struggling lies,
At that dread pause, when the next breath
May waft our spirit to the skies,—

When the soul views the narrow verge,
Close on the confines of the grave;
And now it longs its flight to urge,
Now wishes for an arm to save;

Who cheers that dreary scene of woe?

Who speaks of peace, and joy, and love?

Who wipes the tear-drops as they flow?—

'Tis woman—sent from Heaven above!

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Who speaks of peace, and joy, and love? Who wipes the tear-drops as they flow?—
'Tis woman—sent from Heaven above!

'Tis she receives our parting sigh —
'Tis she who hears our latest breath —
'Tis she who seals the closing eye,
And whispers peace and hope in death.

And when the mournful scene is past,
"Tis woman weeps upon our bier;
Silent, — yet long her sorrows last;
Unseen she sheds affection's tear!

On earth she is the truest friend
That is to man in mercy given;
And when this fleeting life shall end,
She'll live for purer joys in heaven.

O woman, woman! thou art made,
Like Heaven's own pure and lovely light,
A sun to cheer life's desert shade,
And gild the gloom of sorrow's night.

WOMAN THE GREATEST SOCIAL GIFT TO MAN.

"Hail, woman, hail! last formed in Edon's bowers,
'Mid humming streams, and fragrance-breathing flowers;
Thou art, 'mid light and gloom, through good and ill,
Creator's glory — man's chief blessing still.
Thou calm'st our thoughts, as haleyons calm the sea,
Sooth'st in distress when servile minions fice;
And O, without thy sun-bright smiles below,
Life were a night, and earth a waste of woe."

In the present age, when the advantages of education and the facilities for acquiring it are so numerous and so widely extended, the treasures of knowledge are laid open to all. There is no longer what used to be styled the royal road to knowledge, of which the children of fortune could alone avail themselves, and from which the mass of mankind were excluded. A highway has been cast up for all—a way so plain that the feeblest mind need not err therein; which the infant as well as the giant intellect may explore, and all may reap the reward of their labors, if not contribute to the general stock of knowledge.

The old distinctions between the sexes, founded upon a supposed radical difference of their mental powers; the antiquated prejudices against female education which had their origin, if not in the love of superiority, in the ignorance of the true nature and destiny of mind, are now rapidly passing The nineteenth century has the honor, if not of discovering the great truth, of bringing it out more fully, that THERE IS NO SEX IN MIND; that mind is the same in all intelligent beings, angelic or human, male or female; that its attributes and its exalted powers are the same in the infant as in the seraph, and if its attributes and powers are the same in all, it must be created for the same noble purposes, and fitted for the same high destinies. is, in its own nature, independent of the modifications of matter; it is a spark of that living intelligence which nothing can extinguish: there is no distinction but that of mind in heaven. "for there they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God."

A just and proper appreciation of the powers and capacities of woman, has not only clearly indicated her true position and amazing influence in society, but also awakened a deep and universal interest on the subject of female education, which has of late especially employed so many able pens and powerful minds. She is no longer viewed as a mere housekeeper, or as the object of mere fond, idolatrous attachment in the social circle, or the plaything of man's idle hours, but as occupying a position of immense responsibility, and contrib-

uting largely to the elevation and happiness of her species.

Heretofore, with some rare exceptions, in fictitious writings and light literature, she has been made to figure as the heroine of some romantic love scene, adored for her beauty and personal charms, and celebrated for her adroitness in captivating and deceiving the weak-minded of the other sex. Christianity, combined with education and the cultivation of refined literary taste, has exalted her to her true position as an intelligent moral being; and these advantages, far from being inconsistent with social qualifications, and her domestic duties and relations, are found admirably harmonizing with them, and in an eminent degree beautifying and perfecting them.

The true sphere of woman is the domestic circle; and she should endeavor to invest herself with every qualification calculated to render her interesting and agreeable, as well as useful, in that sphere: this is the way to impart lustre to her most unostentatious duties, and to give dignity to the humblest station. It should be deemed a matter of no small importance, that, while every power of the mind is cultivated, the external graces of manner are not neglected. Though good manners, from the operation of adverse causes, are not always found attending high intellect and great learning, yet in general they furnish a correct indication of the progress made in mental cultivation. The re-

mark admits of but few exceptions, that coarseness of manners evinces an uncultivated mind society which an individual frequents has a great influence in moulding the manners. Books of an elevated character have also a potent influence. especially an intimate acquaintance with the sacred writings. A degree of refinement and liberality of sentiment is acquired by the study of the classics, which contributes more to dignity and elegance of manners, and to form the true lady, than all the substituted ornaments of external graces. The brilliancy of a cultivated mind will shine through the most ungraceful exterior, and give an intellectual beauty to the plainest features, more pleasing than the vivid tints of the rose, and more enduring than the fading hue of the lily. There is nothing which gives to beauty a greater finish than the look of intelligence which makes the eye appear as the index of the soul; and without that charm there is little permanent satisfaction in the mere brilliancy of the eye, or in the most exquisitely moulded When we look upon an inanimate countenance, we feel much as we do when we gaze at a finely chiselled statue; we consider it beautiful indeed, but the soul is wanting.

Personal beauty is indeed a pleasing and a valnable gift, but it is surely an unworthy and degrading idea of that sex which was created for the solace and comfort of mankind, to consider them merely as objects of sight. But beauty blended with virtue and intelligence, is the highest perfection of woman. Milton's description of Eve is a beautiful illustration of this truth. It was not her form and features, but the qualities of her mind which shone in them, that adorned her with the perfection of beauty.

> "Grace was in all her steps; heaven in her eye; In all her gestures, dignity and love."

When the judgment has been disciplined by thought, and the taste refined by cultivation, the moral feelings, as a natural consequence, will be rendered more acute, and the moral principles strengthened. Thus will she be fitted as a companion for man, exerting a most benign influence upon his social character, and fitted as a mother to train up and educate her children. Man is not only influenced by woman, but he is ready and willing to be influenced by her.

"O thou, by Heaven ordained to be
Arbitress of man's destiny,
From thy warm heart one tender sigh,
One glance from thine approving eye,
Can raise or bend him at thy will
To virtue's noblest flights, or worst extremes of ill!

"Woman, 'tis thine to cleanse his heart"
From every gross, unholy part;
Thine, in domestic solitude,
To win him to be wise and good;
His pattern, guide, and friend to be,
To give him back the heaven he forfeited for thee."

The cultivation of the lighter accomplishments, besides giving a finish to the mind and manners, affords a relaxation and a salutary diversion from the busy cares of life, and to woman with a mind well disciplined, they will create and strengthen a love of home and domestic enjoyments; they will give her unrivalled power over the hearts and characters of those she loves, by enabling her to invest her home with peculiar charms. There is scarcely any thing more lovely than a female possessed of these qualifications, combined with amiable manners: as a wife, she will insure the love and happiness of her husband; as a mother, she will set a most praiseworthy example; and as the mistress of a family, she will command the respect and admiration of all who come within the range of her influence.

It is then a scrupulous attention to the moral and intellectual culture which gives to woman the power of rendering herself useful and agreeable in all the relations of life, as daughter, sister, wife, and mother. Woman thus endowed may with propriety be considered as the greatest social gift to man.

TO AMANDA.

Sweet lady, wilt thou think of me
When music's tones are round thee thrilling,
With a soft-gushing melody,
Thy gentle heart with rapture filling?
O, let my voice, like that loved strain,
Touch in thy heart the chords of feeling,
Like long-hushed music, breathed again
By zephyrs, o'er a wind-harp stealing.

Sweet lady, wilt thou think of me
When Friendship's flowers are round thee wreathing,
And Love's delicious flatteries
Within thy ear are softly breathing?
O, let my friendship in the wreath,
Though but a bud amid the flowers,
Its sweetest fragrance round thee breathe,—
'Twill serve to soothe thy weary hours.

Sweet lady, wilt thou think of me?

Ah! should we e'er by fate be parted,
Wilt thou embalm my memory,
The memory of the loving-hearted?
O, let our spirits then unite,
Each silent eve, in sweet communion;
Our thoughts will mingle in their flight,
And Heaven will bless the secret union.

GENTLE WORDS.

A young rose in the summer time
Is beautiful to me,
And glorious the many stars
That glimmer on the sea;
But gentle words, and loving hearts,
And hands to clasp my own,
Are better than the brightest flowers
Or stars that ever shope!

The sun may warm the grass to life,
The dew the drooping flower,
And eyes grow bright that watch the light
Of autumn's opening hour;
But words that breathe of tenderness,
And hearts we know are true,
Are warmer than the summer time,
And brighter than the dew.

It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art,
And gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart;
But O, if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth!

MARRIAGE.

It is most genial to a soul refined
When love can smile, unblushing, unconcealed;
When mutual thoughts, and words, and acts are kind,
And inmost hopes and feelings are revealed;
When interest, duty, trust, together bind,
And the heart's deep affections are unscaled;
When for each other live the kindred pair:
Here is indeed a picture passing fair!

Hail, happy state! which few have heart to sing,
Because they feel how faintly words express
So kind, and dear, and chaste, and sweet a thing
As tried affection's lasting tenderness.
Yet stop, my venturous muse, and fold thy wing,
Nor to a shrine so sacred rudely press;
For, marriage, thine is still a silent boast,
"Like beauty unadorned, adorned the most."

A GEM.

There's not a heart, however rude,
But hath some little flower
To brighten up its solitude,
And scent the evening hour;
There's not a heart, however cast
By grief and sorrow down,
But hath some memory of the past,
To love and call its own.

I WOULD BE THINE.

I would be thine when morning breaks On my enraptured view; When every star her tower forsakes, And every tuneful bird awakes, And bids the night adieu. I would be thine when Phæbus speeds His chariot up the sky, Or on the heel of night he treads, And through the heavens refulgence spreads; Thine would I live or die. I would be thine, thou fairest one, And hold thee as my boon; When full the morning's race is run, And half the fleeting day is gone, Thine let me rest at noon. I would be thine when evening's veil. O'ermantles all the plain, When Cynthia smiles on every dale, And spreads, like thee, her nightly sail To dim the starry train. Let me be thine, although I take My exit from this world; And when the heavens with thunder shake, And all the wheels of time shall break, With globes to nothing hurled, I would be thine.

A DRESSY WOMAN.

START not, gentle reader—fair reader. I am not going to lecture thee on the vanity of arraying thine outward man or woman in the garments of the gay and worldly. There is, no doubt, enough and too much of this in the world; but my aim, just now, is not a bird of this feather. Perhaps thou and I will agree—perhaps not. Nevertheless, I shall tell thee my thoughts on the matter before us, most honestly, whether thou shalt chance to like them or not. What I shall say may seem to have a special bearing on the fairer part of human kind; but such a reference is only a matter of convenience; I intend not thereby to exclude mankind from the benefit of my observations.

I shall begin (the second time) by saying that I always love to look upon a well-dressed woman; and who does not? unless it be some miserly curmudgeon, to whom the rustle of a new bank note is vastly more pleasing than that of silks and satins—the only music for his ear—though indeed your bank note rustle hath a pleasant note in it, a music that goes to the heart sometimes—most notable

music truly; but this is a digression; or unless it be some very sour religionist, in whom what little perception of the beautiful God had given him has long ago been crushed; who strives to set religion and good taste by the ears, and would make those fall out by the way who should walk lovingly together. Such may affect to decry any special attention to the covering of the outward man, and may seem horrified at the idea of adorning it. "The inward man," they say. "is the great thing to be cared for." True enough, no doubt. But then, as a general thing, I have never seen the souls of such people to be any better dressed than their bodies. The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit has been wanting quite as often as those which are of less price. Now, by "well dressed," I do not mean bejewelled, besilked, belaced, or befeathered. "Well dressed" may exist without any of these. It may be found in calico, in gingham, or in check, in a cottage as well as in a palace. A well cut, prettily colored, entirely put on, and tidily kept garment - this is "well dressed," and this may be attained with almost any material. The richest silks on earth, the most gorgeous dyes, the most resplendent jewels, will not of necessity make a well-dressed woman. No; good taste may be wanting after all - a spirit of order, of harmonious arrangement, possessed of an instinctive power in detecting incongruities, and of discerning the little proprieties which go to make up a welldressed person. As you have looked out upon this fair earth, have you not often thought, How gloriously is nature dressed! The Divine Clothier -I speak it reverently - how doth He clothe the grass of the field! how doth He deck the lily of the valley! Solomon was gorgeously arrayed, no doubt, but not as one of these. And the trees with their rich foliage, the birds with their heavendyed dresses of plumes, and the beasts in their coats of skin so fitted and so put on - ah, here is clothing for you. Hast thou ever noticed the morning dress of nature? The clouds are decked in all gay and fantastic humors, and the bosom of the earth is gemmed with dew-drops - diamonds truly of the first water. Every thing smiles around you. 'Tis a sight worth the seeing. And then, too, in her evening dress. The gildings, the burnishings, the sparkling gems are laid aside. She is clad in twilight's gray and sober livery, as our divine poet sings. The curtains of darkness are drawn around her, she retires from our sight, as it were, to rest till the light of another day shall awake her from her slumbers. Thus is nature beautifully, appropriately apparelled; and why shall not thou and I dress as well as we may? Where is the harm in it, if we take some pains to have our clothes well made, of good materials, and well put on? Our first parents' first suit was, we are told, of skins. Now, it is by no means clear that they were rough and shaggy skins, as some would

have us believe. Only fancy beauteous Eve in such a dress; in some shaggy bear-skin, or some woolly sheep-skin! The association is horrible. These coats of skin may have been of quite refined material; perchance some fabric made of the skin or bark of some tree. He who had decked Eden for them doubtless now clothed them becomingly and tastefully. Why not? He maketh every thing beautiful. I can as easily believe this as the contrary. There has always seemed to me a sort of naturalness about a well-dressed woman -just as though she were made for it. appears as much in her place, as a rose in a garden, as a part of the constitution of things. The Graces forbid that we should think any the less of one who is scrupulously attentive to her personal appearance, earnestly striving to render it as pleasing to her best friends as possible. And suppose she wear a few ornaments. What then? If judiciously chosen, so much the better. I enjoy a few modest flowers in the bonnet, a ring on the hand, and, it may be, a neat and pretty brooch - not indeed so large as to remind one of the shield of Norval, (shield us from such,) but of moderate dimensions. In all this, she appears to be fulfilling a part of her mission to this world. Was she not sent to aid in the adorning of it? For the uttering of such sentiments as these, I may be considered by some as no better than one of the world. I am content. Some powerful declamation at church I

have heard on this subject; yet, not withstanding the eloquence of the preacher, and his solemn warnings, I could not, for the life of me, refrain from dwelling with some degree of complacency on the prettily attired forms around me; and I have sometimes thought that the good man himself, as his eye has rested upon them, felt half inclined to take another text, and hold forth on the other side. One of the cloth (a good man he was) I well remember. His wife was one of the best dressed women in the parish, setting in this, as I thought, a wholesome example to all careless and slovenly wives. The good man (peace to him) was by no means deficient in the duty of touching up the gay members of his congregation upon the danger of too much attention to outward adornments, yet (to let you into a secret) he always seemed well pleased with the appearance of his wife. Some of the more censorious among us did indeed intimate that she was not quite spiritual enough, and a little too much devoted to the merely outward. But there are illnatured people every where. If she was a little fond of dress, she was none the worse for it. If fault it is, it is rather an amiable one - nay, a very virtue, if there be not too much of it. (This on the principle that too much of a good thing is good for nothing.) If fault it is, it made her appear very lovely; and as to her spirituality, all I can say is, that the spirit of neatness reigned over her person; the spirit of order in her house; the spirit of a lady in her manners; the spirit of charity in her intercourse with others; the spirit of prudence in her domestic economy; the spirit of meekness under trying provocations; and the spirit of contentment in connection with her lot. This sort of spirituality is worth a great deal more than much that goes by that name. If what is often called spirituality is made an excuse for untidiness, slovenliness,—if it opposes itself to care for one's personal appearance, to a proper taste in one's dress,—I shall at once dispute its heavenly origin, and consider it but as an interloper among the Christian graces—a daw in borrowed feathers.

Being myself in the body, and the souls of others here in this world being in the body, I must needs have much to do with bodies. As I come in contact with them constantly, and with some of them closely, it is a matter of some importance to me in what condition they may happen to be. One could hardly consent to have them neglected for the sake of (so called) intelectual culture. An intelectualist!! An intelectual—sloven! What an unrighteous association!

Truly, a dressy woman (as the phrase goes) is better than a slattern. There may be something positively pleasing about the former. About the latter, there is something positively disgusting. If she possess beauty of face, the pleasure of looking upon it is neutralized by the untidiness of her apparel; whereas plain or even homely features are

somewhat redeemed by a well-chosen and wellfitted dress. A dressy wife may cost you a few extra dollars per annum; but then she has something to show for it, and in spite of the drain upon your pocket, you will be pleased. You will be indemnified in part, at least, for the bleeding of your purse, by the consideration that your better half will not be likely to subject you to mortification on account of her appearance. Here, then, is something in the shape of value received; not a receipt in full of all demands, it may be, but a sort of compounding - some few shillings in the pound. I must back again to the parson's wife — blessings on her. The most determined grumblers in the parish always admitted, that if she was somewhat given to the ways of the world in the matter of her dress, yet her house was a very model of neatness. "Every thing," said they, "is in perfect order from garret to cellar; to do her justice," (they had no sense of justice,) "like wax-work, and her children always look well." Now, have you not noticed that they who are a little fond of dress something tasteful as to cut and color, neat and trim—are generally the best housekeepers? And no great marvel. She who studies neatness, order, and beauty in her apparel, will be likely to study them in connection with the affairs of her household. A sort of elegance will reign throughout her abode, even as there does over her person.

A woman possessing a genuine taste as to mat-

ters of dress, is always well dressed; not only when she "goes out," but at home. She evidently seems to have an idea of this kind, that her husband (if she is blessed with one) has some small claim upon her efforts to please. She would appear well in his eyes and in her own. Alas! alas! when a wife begins to say within herself, "'Tis only husband." Ah! yes, 'tis truly only he whom thou shouldst be most solicitous to please. Wilt thou say, "'Tis but a small thing—a mere matter of dress - why should he care?" My mistaken friend, dost thou not know that life is made up mostly of small things? - in-door life, at least, domestic life - thy life. Dost thou not know that the small things of life are the hinges whereon the great ones turn? Put not off the matter thus. On this small hinge (dress) may turn the great matter of thy husband's domestic peace and comfort. Didst thou do thus when he wooed thee? Didst thou say, "'Tis only he"? Let thy memory answer. What tales thy glass could tell of those times! And you, my friend, the husband, if you have a wife, a woman of taste, of refinement, consider it, I beseech you. Do you say, "'Tis only she"? This was not so in the days of courtship. What a sprucing up of yourself! No unshaved chin then. No unwashed hands, no uncleanly raiment then. Why not always seek to appear well in each other's eyes? Is the market made? Will affection and respect now take care

of themselves? Does marriage change the nature and the means of love? Does it make a man fond of a slattern, or a woman fond of a sloven? Did the lover admire order and neatness, and has the wife or husband fallen in love with disorder? It is a great mistake, my friends, a great mistake.

I have read somewhere of a people who are accustomed to wear their best clothes at home. If this custom were adopted among ourselves, what a different aspect it would impart to some households! We might appear rather indifferent, perhaps, abroad. Our old duds might give rather a strange look to our streets; but then, all these would be laid aside the moment we entered our own doors. We should don "our best," and sit down at our firesides pleased with ourselves and with each other. The temptation, too, to go abroad would be less, and thus it would be more easy to comply with the apostolic precept, to be "keepers at home." Home would then keep us. I bethink me now of another apostolic precept, which seems to discourage attention to dress. It speaks slightingly of the braiding of hair, and the putting on of apparel, and commends the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. Think you that Peter seriously meant that a woman should never braid her hair, should never literally put on apparel? Mercy save us; no, not this last, surely. What, then, does he mean? I think it must be an excessive fondness for dress - that's all. If we dress according to the analogy of nature, (as Butler

has it,) we shall dress as well as we can, according to our condition in life. He who has clothed the earth so beautifully, and has given us to perceive and enjoy it, can never have intended that we should not bring into exercise, in connection with the clothing of ourselves, the perception of the beautiful implanted in our natures. It must be a strange taste which prefers the untasteful for its own sake. It is not natural. Leave people to their choice, and ninety-nine out of a hundred will choose as an associate, other things being equal, the best (in the best sense of the word) dressed person. If I were to put another petition in the prayer book, it should be somewhat as follows: From all slatterns, from all slovens, Good Lord, deliver us!

HOME.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride, Beloved of Heaven o'er all the world beside, Where brighter suns dispense serener light, And milder moons imparadise the night -A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth, Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth. The wandering mariner, whose eye explores The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores, Views not a realm so beautiful and fair. Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air. In every clime, the magnet of his soul, Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole; For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace, The heritage of nature's noblest race, There is a spot of earth supremely blest, A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest, Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride, While in his softened looks benignly blend The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend. Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife, Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life; In the clear heaven of her delighted eye, An angel guard of loves and graces lie; Around her knees domestic duties meet. And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.

Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found? Art thou a man? — a patriot? Look around. O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam, That land thy country, and that spot thy home!

SWEET ANNIE FAY.

The pride of the village was sweet Annie Fay, So winsome and winning, so gladsome and gay; She ruled all the swains by her beauty's bright sway, And won hearts by dozens to throw them away.

This could not last always: young Love flitted by, And shone in the glance of Willie's dark eye; He aimed at swect Annie, and barbed was the dart, And fatal the power that pierced her young heart.

Young Willie was missing one morning in June, The month of all others when hearts play in tune, When hopeful affection the soft bosom fills, Aud mutual confession with happiness thrills.

He could not be found; and rumor had said He was jilted by Annie for rich Squire Ned. And where was our Annie? The fond one had flown With her Willie from church to a cot of their own.

TO A SISTER.

YES, dear one, to the envied train
Of those around thy homage pay;
But wilt thou never kindly deign
To think of him that's far away?
Thy form, thine eye, thine angel smile
For many years I may not see;
But wilt thou not, sometimes the while,
My sister dear, remember me?

But not in fashion's brilliant hall,
Surrounded by the gay and fair,
And thou the fairest of them all—
O, think not, think not of me there;
But when the thoughtless crowd is gone,
And hushed the voice of senseless glee,
And all'is silent, still, and lone,
And thou art sad, remember me.

Remember me — but, loveliest, ne'er
When, in his orbit fair and high,
The morning's glowing charioteer
Rides proudly up the blushing sky;
But when the waning moonbeam sleeps
At moonlight on that lonely lea,
And Nature's pensive spirit weeps,
And all her dews, remember me.

Remember me, I pray — but not
In Flora's gay and blooming hour,
When every brake hath found its mate,
And sunshine smiles in every flower;
But when the fallen leaf is sear,
And withers sadly from the tree,
And o'er the ruins of the year,
Cold autumn weeps, remember me.

Remember me — but choose not, dear,
The hour when, on the gentle lake,
The sportive wavelets, blue and clear,
Soft rippling to the margin, break;
But when the deafening billows foam
In madness o'er the pathless sea,
Then let thy pilgrim fancy roam
Across them, and remember me.

Remember me — but not to join,

If haply some thy friends should praise;

"Tis far too dear, that voice of thine,

To echo what the stranger says.

They know us not — but shouldst thou meet

Some faithful friend of me and thee,

Softly, sometimes, to him repeat

My name, and then remember me.

Remember me — not, I entreat,
In scenes of festal week-day joy,
For then it were not kind or meet
That thought thy pleasure should alloy;

But on the sacred, solemn day,
And, dearest, on thy bended knee,
When thou for those thou lov'st dost pray,
Sweet spirit, then remember me.

Remember me — but not as I
On thee forever, ever dwell,
With anxious heart and drooping eye,
And doubts 'twould grieve thee should I tell!
But in thy calm, unclouded heart,
Which dark and gloomy visions flee,
O, there, my sister, be my part,
And kindly there remember me.

A TOKEN.

So take my gift! 'Tis a simple flower;
But perhaps 'twill wile a weary hour;
And the spirit that its light magic weaves
May touch your heart from its simple leaves;
And if these should fail, it at least will be
A token of love from me to thee.

ECONOMY AND HER DAUGHTER.

In a pleasant but plainly furnished apartment sat Economy and her daughter. The daughter had just handed her mother a bundle of cloth, when they were interrupted by the ringing of the door bell. Economy laid by the package, and hastened to open the door.

"Good morning, Mrs. Thrifty," said she; "walk in. My daughter Benevolence, Mrs. Thrifty," added she, introducing them.

"What, Benevolence the daughter of Economy!" thought Mrs. Thrifty; but she concealed her surprise at the information, and remarked, "You have been making quite a recluse of your daughter since you came to Boston, have you not? I was not aware of her being with you."

"True," replied Economy, "she has not, as yet, visited much in this place; she is rather diffident, and prefers that I should become acquainted with the people before she is introduced to them. She often remarks that she is most cordially received by those who are the friends of her mother."

"If that is the case, she may rest assured of receiving a cordial welcome, if she will honor me

with a call," said Mrs. Thrifty; "but," she added, "I fear you will find me rather a troublesome friend, for I have called again to consult you on some domestic affairs."

"I shall be most happy to assist you," replied Economy; "you know counselling is a part of my occupation."

Mrs. Thrifty then proceeded to inform her that she was about furnishing another parlor, and that Lady Extravagance had told her that Brussels carpets were the only ones fit for use, and that a centre table, and an astral lamp, and a piano were absolutely "When I told her," added Mrs. indispensable. Thrifty, "that I had no daughters to use the piano, she remarked that she did not suppose I furnished the parlor for myself, and that my visitors would think me destitute of musical taste if I did not keep at least one musical instrument. All this would do very well," continued Mrs. Thrifty, "if my means would warrant the expense. To be sure I have laid by a large sum, which Lady Extravagance said I might devote to that purpose; but THAT I was intending to give an orphan niece of mine, who is very destitute."

"O, clothe the orphan!" said Benevolence, "and let the parlor wear a less splendid dress. Her gratitude will be sweeter to you than the sweetest music ever drawn from the keys of a piano."

"An approving conscience," said Economy, "is preferable to all the eulogies of Fashion; besides, I

maintain that a company of guests can be very agreeably entertained without the aid of instrumental music."

Mrs. Thrifty concluded that the needless furniture should be dispensed with, and the orphan pro-After Mrs. Thrifty's departure, Benevovided for. lence again brought forward the bundle which her mother had laid down, and placed it upon the table, saying, "Soon after you went out, this morning, a poor woman came in, who appeared to be very feeble and much emaciated with suffering. informed me that you had often assisted her; but that, notwithstanding all your kindness, she and her children were still suffering from want of clothing suitable for the season. I thought this was a favorable time for me to act; so I told her, as she arose to depart, that we should plan some means to alleviate her wants. I then went out and purchased this flannel, which I well knew you would assist me to make into garments for them."

"You did perfectly right," answered her mother. "I presume the woman was Mrs. Needy, who lives in Theatre Alley. She has a number of children to support, and they have been much afflicted with sickness, so that with all her industry and prudence, they are still very poor. She is worthy of our pity, and we are well able to help her."

The flannel was placed upon the table, and while Economy judiciously arranged the patterns upon it, so that nothing might be lost, she recounted to her daughter the results of the morning's walk. first," said she, "called upon Mrs. Housewife, who lives at the head of the street. She takes a great deal of pains to consult me; but I fear it is more for the NAME than any thing else, for I have frequently seen her tables loaded with rich puddings and cake, though she well knows Dr. Combe has pronounced them deleterious to health; and I have often assured her that the plainer kinds of food are equally agreeable when one becomes accustomed to them. And then she still persists in using tea and coffee, though she allows that they are very expensive, and not really necessary. In counting the cost, however, she does not begin to estimate the expense that they really occasion her. Yet she says, as cold water is getting to be fashionable, she supposes she shall be obliged to drink it, to keep up with the times. I next called upon Miss Dressy. Though it was nearly ten o'clock, she had but just arisen, and she was endeavoring to arouse her still sleepy ideas, in order to plan amusements for the day, when I entered. She tried to apologize for her negligent appearance, upon the plea that the ball of the preceding night had very much fatigued her. "And yet," added she, "I do not think balls VERY injurious, for I do not know but my health is as good as that of those who do not attend them."

Poor thing! She never once thought of the loss of time occasioned by keeping late hours, or the sin of indulging in such frivolous pleasures. I gave

her Dr. Alcott's remarks upon late hours, which she promised to read; but I fear she will never be prepared to receive you as a friend. I made several other calls, and saw ample room for the labors of us both. The poor are suffering by hundreds, while those pickpockets, Appetite and Fashion, have robbed the rich of all power or wish to help them. The epicure indulges himself at his table, while the poor slave who toiled for his dainties, and the sailor who brought them, are forgotten. The lady's toilet groans beneath the weight of aromatic spices, and the lady herself is adorned with jewels and gold; but she cares not for the soul of the heathen who gathered them. Little does she consider that the blood of millions will be required at her hands."

"How my heart bleeds when I think of the mental and physical suffering of those who are without the gospel!" replied Benevolence. "It seems as though I must go and teach them the way to peace."

"Your influence is more needed at home," answered her mother. "We must endeavor to instil our principles into the hearts of the people; and if, by our moral power, we can influence the multitude to action, we shall thus benefit the poor and needy more than we could in any other way. We shall be like the 'wheels within wheels' of machinery, small, to be sure, and almost concealed by the larger parts; but the very main springs of action."

And they DID, and are still endeavoring to per-

form this noble and mighty work. They have preached and practised. Thousands have listened to their heavenly voices, and obeyed their sacred call; but, ah, MILLIONS have let their words drop unheeded! They have scattered their precious seed upon every path in life, and though much of it has fallen upon good ground, and produced abundant fruit, alas! more of it has fallen upon thorns and stony places; and if perchance some of it took root and sprang up, some evil influence has withered it away. The rich are still selfish and oppressive, and the poor are still miserably poor and oppressed. The daughters of the rich man may taste the delights that wisdom affords; but the thousand poor girls, who labor from early till late for a mere pittance, must live and die in their ignorance. So Fashion has decreed, and but few have natural strength of mind sufficient to break away from HER bonds. We are earnestly longing for the time to come when we shall not pay half we earn for expensive food that we do not need, and the other half for gewgaws that do us no good, but much hurt, but when the immortal mind, now famishing and tending to eternal death, will be cared for, and fed, and clothed, and trained for immortal life and joy. Loud is our cry for help to break the cramping fetters that bind us down to earth and vanity, that we may rise above our present state, and be, not what we now are, but what immortal spirits may and ought to be.

THREE ANGEL-SPIRITS.

THREE angel-spirits walk the earth,
Our guides where'er we go;
And where their gentle footsteps lead,
There is no human woe:
They smile upon the cradled child—
They bless the heart of youth—
And age is mellowed by the touch
Of Friendship, Love, and Truth.

Three angel-spirits; evermore
They guard our thorny way,
And those who follow where they lead
Can never go astray;
For God has given them alike
To childhood and to youth,
And age is mellowed by the touch
Of Friendship, Love, and Truth.

TRUTH is a heavenly principle—a light
Whose beams will always guide the willing right;
A fixed star—a spotless, central sun,
In the mind's heaven—unchangeable and one.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, TRUTH.

FRIENDSHIP.

THERE is a star that beams on earth,
With tender, lovely ray;
That lights the path of generous worth,
And speaks a brighter day.

LOVE.

There is a tie, a golden chain,
That binds with stronger hand
Than iron shackles of the cell,
Or all the arts of man.

TRUTH.

There is a gem, a pearl of worth As lasting as the skies; More dazzling than the gems of earth, Its splendor never dies.

BE KIND TO EACH OTHER.

BE kind to each other!

The night's coming on,

When friend and when brother

Perchance may be gone;

Then, 'midst our dejection,

How sweet to have earned

The blest recollection

Of kindness—returned!

When day hath departed,
And Memory keeps
Her watch, broken-hearted,
Where all she loves sleeps,
Let falsehood assail not,
Nor envy reprove,—
Let trifles prevail not
Against those ye love!

Nor change with to-morrow,
Should fortune take wing,
But the deeper the sorrow,
The closer still cling.
O, be kind to each other!
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone.

GIVE ME THE HAND.

GIVE me the hand that is warm, kind, and ready; Give me the clasp that is calm, true, and steady; Give me the hand that will never deceive me; Give me its grasp that I aye may believe thee.

Soft is the palm of the delicate woman! Hard is the hand of the rough, sturdy yeoman! Soft palm or hard hand, it matters not — never! Give me the grasp that is friendly forever.

Give me the hand that is true as a brother; Give me the hand that has harmed not another; Give me the hand that has never forswore it; Give me its grasp that I aye may adore it.

Lovely the palm of the fair, blue-veined maiden! Horny the hand of the workman o'erladen! Lovely or ugly, it matters not — never! Give me the grasp that is friendly forever.

Give me the grasp that is honest and hearty, Free as the breeze, and unshackled by party; Let friendship give me the grasps that become her, Close as the twine of the vines of the summer.

Give me the hand that is true as a brother; Give me the hand that has wronged not another; Soft palm or hard hand, it matters not — never! Give me the grasp that is friendly forever.

THE PALACE OF BEAUTY.

In ancient times, two little princesses lived in Scotland, one of whom was extremely beautiful, and the other dwarfish, dark-colored, and deformed. One was named Rose, the other Marion. The sisters did not live happily together. Marion hated Rose because she was handsome, and every body praised her. She scowled, and her face absolutely grew black when any one asked her how her pretty little sister Rose did; and once she was so wicked as to cut off all her glossy, golden hair, and throw it on the fire. Poor Rose cried bitterly about it: but she did not scold or strike her sister, for she was an amiable, gentle little being as ever lived. No wonder all the family and all the neighborhood disliked Marion, and no wonder her face grew coarse and uglier every day. The Scotch used to be very superstitious people, and they believed the infant Rose had been blessed by the fairies, to whom she owed her extraordinary beauty and exceeding goodness.

Not far from the castle where the princesses resided was a deep grotto, said to lead to the Palace

of Beauty, where the queen of the fairies held her court. Some said Rose had fallen asleep there one day, when she had grown tired of chasing a butterfly, and that the queen had dipped her in an immortal fountain, from which she had risen with the beauty of an angel.* Marion often asked questions about this story, but Rose always replied that she had been forbidden to speak of it. When she saw any uncommonly brilliant bird or butterfly, she would sometimes exclaim, "O, how much that looks like fairy land!" But when asked what she knew about fairy land, she blushed, and would not answer.

Marion thought a great deal about this. "Why cannot I go to the Palace of Beauty?" thought she, "and why may not I bathe in the Immortal Fountain?"

One summer's noon, when all was still, save the faint twittering of the birds, and the lazy hum of the insects, Marion entered the deep grotto. She sat down on a bank of moss. The air around her was as fragrant as if it came from a bed of violets; and with the sound of far-off music dying on her ear, she fell into a gentle slumber. When she awoke, it was evening, and she found herself in a small hall, where opal pillars supported a rainbow roof, the bright reflection of which rested on crystal walls, and a golden floor inlaid with pearls. All

^{*} There was a superstition, that whoever slept on fairy ground was carried away by the fairies.

around, between the opal pillars, stood the tiniest vases of pure alabaster, in which grew a multitude of brilliant and fragrant flowers. Some of them, twining around the pillars, were lost in the floating rainbow above. The whole of this scene of beauty was lighted by millions of fireflies, glittering about like wandering stars. While Marion was wondering at all this, a little figure, of rare loveliness, stood before her. Her robe was of green and gold; her flowing gossamer mantle was caught upon one shoulder with a pearl, and in her hair was a solitary star, composed of five diamonds, each no bigger than a pin's point; and thus she sung:—

"The fairy queen
Hath rarely seen
Creature of earthly mould
Within her door,
On pearly floor,
Inlaid with shining gold.
Mortal, all thou seest is fair;
Quick thy purposes declare."

As she concluded, the song was taken up, and thrice repeated by a multitude of soft voices in the distance. It seemed as if birds and insects joined in the chorus. The clear voice of the thrush was distinctly heard; the cricket kept time with his tiny cymbal; and ever and anon between the pauses, the sound of a distant cascade was heard, whose waters fell in music.

All these delightful sounds died away, and the

queen of the fairies stood patiently awaiting Marion's answer. Courtesying low, and with a trembling voice, the little maiden said, —

"Will it please your majesty to make me as handsome as my sister Rose?"

The queen smiled. "I will grant your request," said she, "if you will promise to fulfil all the conditions I propose."

Marion eagerly promised that she would.

"The Immortal Fountain," replied the queen, "is on the top of a high, steep hill. At four different places fairies are stationed around it, who guard it with their wands. None can pass them except those who obey my orders. Go home now. For one week, speak no ungentle word to your sister; at the end of that time, come again to the grotto."

Marion went home light of heart. Rose was in the garden, watering the flowers; and the first thing Marion observed, was that her sister's sunny hair had suddenly grown as long and beautiful as it had ever been. The sight made her angry; and she was just about to snatch the water-pot from her hand with an angry expression, when she remembered the fairy, and passed into the castle in silence.

The end of the week arrived, and Marion had faithfully kept her promise. Again she went to the grotto. The queen was feasting when she entered the hall. The bees brought honey-comb, and deposited it on the small rose-colored shells which

adorned the crystal table. Gaudy butterflies floated about the head of the queen, and fanned her with their wings. The cucullo and the lantern-fly stood at her side, to afford her light. A large diamond beetle formed her splendid footstool, and when she had supped, a dew-drop on the petal of a violet was brought for her royal fingers.

When Marion entered, the diamond sparkles on the wings of the fairies faded, as they always did in the presence of any thing not perfectly good; and in a few moments all the queen's attendants vanished, singing as they went,—

"The fairy queen
Hath rarely seen
Creature of earthly mould
Within her door,
On pearly floor,
Inlaid with shining gold."

"Mortal! hast thou fulfilled thy promise?" asked the queen.

"I have," replied the maiden.

"Then follow me."

Marion did as she was directed, and away they went over beds of violets and mignonette. The birds warbled over their heads, butterflies cooled the air, and the gurgling of many fountains came with a refreshing sound. Presently they came to the hill, on the top of which was the Immortal Fountain. Its foot was surrounded by a band of

fairies clothed in green gossamer, with their ivory wands crossed to bar the ascent. The queen waved her wand over them, and immediately they stretched their thin wings and flew away. The hill was steep, and far, far up they went; and the air became more and more fragrant, and more and more distinctly they heard the sound of waters falling in music. At length they were stopped by a band of fairies clothed in blue, with their silver wands crossed.

"Here," said the queen, "our journey must end. You can go no farther until you have fulfilled the orders I shall give you. Go home now for one month. Do by your sister in all respects as you would wish her to do by you, were you Rose and she Marion."

Marion promised, and departed. She found the task harder than the first had been. She could not help speaking; but when Rose asked her for any of her playthings, she found it difficult to give them gently and affectionately, instead of pushing them along. When Rose talked to her, she wanted to go away in silence; and when a pocket-mirror was found in her sister's room, broken into a thousand pieces, she felt sorely tempted to conceal that she did the mischief. But she was so anxious to be made beautiful, that she did as she would be done by.

All the household remarked how Marion had changed. "I love her dearly," said Rose, "she is so good and amiable."

"So do I," said a dozen voices.

Marion blushed deeply, and her eyes sparkled with pleasure. "How pleasant it is to be loved!" thought she.

At the end of the month, she went to the grotto. The fairies in blue lowered their silver wands and flew away. They travelled on. The path grew steeper and steeper, but the fragrance of the atmosphere was redoubled, and more distinctly came the sound of the waters falling in music. Their course was stayed by a troop of fairies in rainbow robes and silver wands tipped with gold. In face and form they were far more beautiful than any thing Marion had yet seen.

"Here we must pause," said the queen; "this boundary you cannot yet pass."

"Why not?" asked the impatient Marion.

"Because those must be very pure who pass the rainbow fairies," replied the queen.

"Am I not very pure?" said the maiden: "all the folks in the castle tell me how good I have grown." .

"Mortal eyes see only the outside," answered the queen; "but those who pass the rainbow fairies must be pure in thought as well as in action. Return home. For three months, never indulge an envious thought. You shall then have a sight of the Immortal Fountain." Marion was sad at heart, for she knew how many envious thoughts and wrong wishes she had suffered to gain power over her.

At the end of three months she again visited the Palace of Beauty. The queen did not smile when she saw her, but in silence led the way to the Immortal Fountain. The green fairies and the blue fairies flew away as they approached; but the rainbow fairies bowed low to the queen, and kept their gold-tipped wands firmly crossed. . Marion saw that the silver specks on their wings grew dim, and she burst into tears. "I knew," said the queen, "that you could not pass this boundary. Envy has been in your heart, and you have not driven it away. Your sister has been ill, and in your heart you wished that she might die, or rise from the bed of sickness deprived of her beauty. But be not discouraged; you have been several years indulging in wrong feelings, and you must not wonder that it takes many months to drive them away."

Marion was very sad as she wended her way homeward. When Rose asked her what was the matter, she told her that she wanted to be very good, but she could not. "When I want to be good, I read my Bible and pray," said Rose; "and I find God helps me to be good." Then Marion prayed that God would help her to be pure in thought; and when wicked feelings rose in her heart, she read her Bible, and they went away.

When she again visited the Palace of Beauty, the queen smiled, and touched her playfully with the wand, then led her away to the Immortal Fountain. The silver specks on the wings of the rainbow

fairies shone bright as she approached, and they lowered their wands, and sung as they flew away,—

"Mortal, pass on,
Till the goal is won;
For such I ween
Is the will of the queen —
Pass on! pass on!"

And now every footstep was on flowers, that yielded beneath their feet, as if their pathway had been upon a cloud. The delicious fragrance could almost be felt, yet it did not oppress the senses with its heaviness; and loud, clear, and liquid, came the sound of the waters as they fell in music. And now the cascade is seen leaping and sparkling over crystal rocks. A rainbow arch rests above it, like a perpetual halo. The spray falls in pearls, and forms fantastic foliage about the margin of the fountain. It has touched the webs woven among the grass, and they have become pearl-embroidered cloaks for the fairy queen. Deep and silent, below the foam, is the Immortal Fountain! Its ambercolored waves flow over a golden bed; and as the fairies bathe in it, the diamonds in their hair glance like sunbeams on the waters.

"O, let me bathe in the fountain!" cried Marion, clasping her hands in delight. "Not yet," said the queen. "Behold the purple fairies with golden wands that guard its brink!" Marion looked, and saw beings far lovelier than any her eye ever rested on. "You cannot pass them yet," said the queen.

"Go home. For one year, drive away all evil feelings, not for the sake of bathing in this fountain, but because goodness is lovely — desirable for its own sake. Purify the inward motive, and your work is done."

This was the hardest task of all. For she had been willing to be good, not because it was right to be good, but because she wished to be beautiful. Three times she sought the grotto, and three times she left it in tears; for the golden specks grew dim at her approach, and the golden wands were still crossed to shut her from the Immortal Fountain. The fourth time she prevailed. The purple fairies lowered their wands, singing,—

"Thou hast scaled the mountain; Go bathe in the fountain. Rise fair to the sight As an angel of light; Go bathe in the fountain!"

Marion was about to plunge in; but the queen touched her, saying, "Look in the mirror of the waters. Art thou not already as beautiful as heart can wish?"

Marion looked at herself, and saw that her eyes sparkled with new lustre; that a bright color shone through her cheeks, and dimples played sweetly about her mouth. "I have not touched the Immortal Fountain," said she, turning in surprise to the queen. "True," replied the queen; "but its

waters have been within your soul. Know that a pure heart and a clear conscience are the only immortal fountains of beauty."

When Marion returned, Rose clasped her to her bosom, and kissed her fervently. "I know all," said she, "though I have not asked you a question. I have been in fairy-land disguised as a bird, and I have watched all your steps. When you first went to the grotto, I begged the queen to grant your wish."

Ever after that the sisters lived lovingly together. It was the remark of every one, "How handsome Marion has grown! The ugly scowl has departed from her face, and the light of her eye is so mild and pleasant, and her mouth looks so smiling and good-natured, that, to my taste, I declare she is as handsome as Rose."

BEAUTY EVERY WHERE.

Is it not strange how beauty springs
From germs where men no beauty trace?
How rugged shapes, chaotic things,
Grow into forms of grace?

One would not think there were concealed Such beauty in the lily's root, As blossoms forth upon the field What time the lilies shoot.

And when the clouds collect on high, Like battle chariots of the storm, See how the darkness of that sky Gives forth a rainbow form.

Then think that when the rainbow fades, Its beauty liveth in the shower; First strewing pearls amongst the blades, Then blending with the flower.

Thus every where, on earth or sea,
Wherever wandering man may go,
Doth beauty so mysteriously
Around his pathway grow.

It blossoms upwards from the earth,
It plays amongst the heights of air;
The wide old ocean gives it birth
Amongst the waters there.

A LADY'S HAND.

My dear little lady, that very white hand, Which fondly you cherish, with sorrow I scanned; I knew by its fairness, and baby-like skin, A stranger to labor it ever had been. It sweeps o'er the harp with magical sway, Producing sweet music, which e'er can allay: Employments like these, though they give you delight, Are poor preparations for poverty's night. Could you hem a cravat, or gather a skirt, Or stitch round a collar, or cut out a shirt? Have you yet attempted to handle a broom, To wash up the teacups, or dust out a room, To stir up a pudding, or roll out a pie, To season a sauce, or marketing buy? Though these occupations for you are quite new. For delicate hands there is something to do: The brow of the sufferer they softly can bathe; The limb of the wounded they gently can swathe: The child and the aged can tenderly lead. And give the relief that the indigent need; The tears they can wipe of affliction and care, And, fervently clasped, be uplifted in prayer.

NEATNESS

I LOVE to see thy gentle hand
Dispose, with modest grace,
The household things around thy home,
And each thing in its place.

And then thy own trim, modest form Is always neatly clad; Thou sure wilt make the tidiest wife That ever husband had.

No costly splendors needest thou, To make thy home look bright; For neatness on the humblest spot Can shed a sunny light.

THAT SAME OLD GIRL.

THERE doth she sit — that same old girl Whom I in boyhood knew;

She seems a fixture to the church,
In that old jail-like pew!

Once she was young — a blooming miss —
So do the aged say;
Though e'en in youth, I think, she must
Have had an old-like way.

How prim, and starched, and kind she looks,
And so devout and staid,
I wonder some old bachelor
Don't wed that good old maid!

She does not look so very old,

Though years and years are by
Since any younger she has seemed,
E'en to my boyhood's eye.

That old straw bonnet she has on,
Tied with that bow of blue,
Seems not to feel Time's changing hand,—
'Tis "near as good as new."

The old silk gown—the square-toed shoes—
Those gloves—that buckle's gleam,
That silver buckle at her waist,
To me like old friends seem.

Live on — live on; and may the years
Touch lightly on thy brow;
As I beheld thee in my youth,
And as I see thee now,—

May I, when age its furrows deep Has ploughed upon my cheek, Behold thee in that pew, unchanged, So prim, so mild, so meek!

LAKE AND RIVER.

"They also serve, who only stand and wait."

Lake. RIVER, why dost thou go by, Sounding, rushing, sweeping?

River. Lake, why dost thou ever lie, Listless, idle, sleeping?

Lake. Nought before my power could stand, Should I spring to motion!

River. I go blessing all the land, From my source to ocean!

Lake. I show sun, and stars, and moon, On my breast untroubled.

River. Ay! and wilt thou not as soon

Make the storm-clouds doubled?

Lake. River, river, go in peace!
I'll no more reprove thee.

River. Lake, from pride and censure cease;
May no earthquake move thee!

Lake. I a higher power obey,— Lying still, I'm doing!

River. I for no allurement stay,

My great end pursuing.

Lake. Speed thee! speed thee, river bright!

Let not earth oppose thee!

River. Rest thee, lake, with all thy might, Where thy hills enclose thee! Lake. River, hence we're done with strife, Knowing each our duty.

River. And in loud or silent life, Each may shine in beauty.

Both. While we keep our places thus,
Adam's sons and daughters,
Ho! behold, and learn of us,
Still and running waters!

MEMORY.

What is memory? 'Tis the light
Which hallows life — a ray profound
Upon the brow of mental night —
An echo, time the passing sound —
A mirror; its bright surface shows
Hope, fear, grief, love, delight, regret —
A generous spring — a beam which glows
Long after sun and star have set —
A leaf, nor storm nor blight can fade —
An ark in time's bereaving sea —

A perfume from a flower decayed —
A treasure for eternity!

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

O, IF there is one law above the rest Written in wisdom - if there is a word That I would trace as with a pen of fire Upon the unsullied temper of a child -If there is any thing that keeps the mind Open to angel visits, and repels The ministry of ill - 'tis human love! God has made nothing worthy of contempt. The smallest pebble in the well of truth Has its peculiar meanings, and will stand When man's best monuments wear fast away. The law of Heaven is love, and though its name Has been usurped by passion, and profaned To its unholy uses through all time, Still, the eternal principle is pure; And in these deep affections that we feel Omnipotent within us, we but see The lavish measure in which love is given And in the yearning tenderness of a child For every bird that sings above its head, And every creature feeding on the hills, And every tree; and flower, and running brook. We see how every thing was made to love, And how they err, who, in a world like this, Find any thing to hate but human pride.

LADIES OF LONG AGO.

Tell me, to what region flown
Is Flora, the fair Roman, gone?
Where lovely Thais' hiding-place,
Her sister in each charm and grace?
Echo, let thy voice awake,
Over river, stream, and lake:
Answer, where does beauty go?
Where is fled the south wind's snow?

Where is Eloise the wise,
For whose two bewitching eyes
Hapless Abelard was doomed
In his cell to live entombed?
Where the queen, her love who gave,
Cast in Seine, a watery grave?
Where each lovely cause of woe?
Where is fled the south wind's snow?

Where thy voice, O regal fair, Sweet as is the lark's in air? Where is Bertha? Alix? she Who Le Mayne held gallantly? Where is Joan, whom English flame Gave, at Rouen, death and fame? Where are all?—does any know? Where is fled the south wind's snow?

THE TRUEST FRIEND.

There is a friend, a secret friend,
In every trial, every grief,
To cheer, to counsel, and defend,—
Of all we ever had the chief!—
A friend, who, watching from above,
Whene'er in error's path we trod,
Still sought us with reproving love:
That friend, that secret friend, is Gop!

There is a friend, a faithful friend,
In every chance and change of fate,
Whose boundless love doth solace send,
When other friendships come too late—
A friend, that when the world deceives,
And wearily we onward plod,
Still comforts every heart that grieves:
That true, that faithful friend is God.

How blest the years of life might flow,
In one unchanged, unshaken trust,
If man this truth would only know,
And love his Maker, and be just!
Yes, there's a friend, a constant friend,
Who ne'er forsakes the lowliest sod,
But, in each need, His hand doth lend:
That friend, that truest friend, is God.

A LOVELY BRIDE.

I was spending an hour, not long since, in turning the pages of a pleasant miscellany, in the course of which my eye fell upon the following rare, but beautiful and touching incident, in the history of one who that day was to become a bride.

A party of lively and interested cousins and friends had early assembled at the bridal mansion for the purpose of decorating the drawing-room, where the marriage ceremony was to be performed. At length this pleasant duty being accomplished, they retired, happy in contributing to the joy of an occasion which, while it would take from them one whom they loved, would unite that one to the object of her highest regard. The room was beautifully decorated with rich and variegated bouquets, and on a centre-table lay the gayly-adorned bride's loaf, an object of great importance.

I said all had retired from the lovely spot; but there was one of the cousins, who, a short time after, stole gently back, to look once more at the varied beauty of the scene, and to indulge by herself the hopes and anticipations of an affectionate heart for the future happiness of her friend. She gently opened the door, and was about entering, when she noticed the sofa was wheeled round to the precise spot where, that evening, the happy pair were to rise and exchange their solemn vows; and there the lovely bride was kneeling, so absorbed in her own thoughts, the intrusion of her friend was unnoticed. That friend stood for a moment, gazing in holy admiration at the scene; she longed gently to approach and kneel by her side, but the occasion was too sacred to admit of social union, and she retired.

And what so solemn and absorbing was occupying the thoughts of this happy being? Was it the anticipations of worldly felicity that had brought her there? Looking round upon the beauty and gayety of the room, where in a few hours she would give her hand to him whom she preferred to all others on earth, had she, in the wilderness and excess of her own emotions, fallen into a reverie? Nothing of the kind. Delighted she might be, and justly was; but she had one duty to perform, a high and holy duty, ere she plighted her vows to the object of her early affections. There, in that spot where she would soon stand, and surrender her earthly all to her husband, she would first consecrate herself to the Lord. The prior consecration was due to him. On that altar she wished to offer an earlier and holier incense; on that spot, to make a record of the prior deed which she had given of herself to her superior Lord.

I know not of an earthly scene more lovely, or of an immortal being, in similar circumstances, in an

attitude more becoming. And I am sure, that if her intended husband had himself the love of God reigning in his heart, and could he have seen her there, whatever he might have thought of her before, his love would have said — not, perhaps, with perfect truth, for others, it is to be hoped, have done so before her — but he might be forgiven, if, in his ardor and admiration, he had exclaimed, "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

What a beautiful example for the imitation of those who are about to be led to the hymeneal altar! Most beautiful, most becoming! I know not the subsequent history of that "lovely bride," but I am certain she never repented of that act of selfdedication to God. She may not, indeed, have escaped sorrow and affliction, but if they were her lot, I know that God would remember the kindness of her youth. He would not forsake her. She might bury her husband, children, friends; she might suffer sickness and poverty; but in no hour would her heavenly Father forsake her. He would guide her by his counsel, and afterwards receive her to glory. Youthful females! would you lay the foundation of future peace? would you provide against the reverses of fortune? would you have a friend and a protector through this world of vicissitude? would you have consolation in the darkest night of adversity which may set in upon you? - imitate the example of "a lovely bride."

THE WEDDING RING.

GIVE me the wedding ring, love, With jewels bright and fair: Place it on my finger, love, And smile to see it there.

Give me the wedding ring, love;
And let me guard it well;
I'll keep the holy pledge, love;
Of happy days to tell.

Give me the wedding ring, love;
I long to call it mine;
I prize it most for thee, love,
A precious gift of thine.

Give me the wedding ring, love;
I'll wear its jewels long;
I'll wear it for thy sake, love,
Till life's last work is done.

Give me the wedding ring, love;
No trifle shall it be,
To her who gives herself, love,
With cheerful heart to thee.

The wedding ring is mine, love;
I'll wear it until death;
I will not loose the gift, love,
While life retains its breath.

I'll wear it to my grave, love,
And in the coffin's dust,
The ring shall glisten there, love,
The fond heart's bridal trust.

A LITTLE WORD.

A LITTLE word in kindness spoken,
A motion, or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere.

A word—a look—has crushed to earth
Full many a budding flower,
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing
A pleasant word to speak;
The face you wear, the thought you bring,
A heart may heal or break.

WEDDING GIFTS.

Young bride,—a wreath for thee
Of sweet and gentle flowers;
For wedded love was pure and free
In Eden's happy bowers.

Young bride,—a song for thee!
A song of joyous measure,
For thy cup of hope shall be
Filled with honeyed pleasure.

Young bride, — a tear for thee!
A tear in all thy gladness;
For thy young heart shall not see
Joy unmixed with sadness.

Young bride, — a smile for thee!

To shine away thy sorrow,

For Heaven is kind to-day, and we
Will hope as well to-morrow.

Young bride, —a prayer for thee!

That, all thy hopes possessing,

Thy soul may praise her God, and he
May crown thee with his blessing.

A MOTHER'S SMILE.

THERE are clouds that must o'ershade us,
There are griefs that all must know,
There are sorrows that have made us
Feel the tide of human woe;
But the deepest, darkest sorrow,
Though it sear the heart a while,
Hope's cheering ray may borrow
From a mother's welcome smile.

There are days in youth that greet us
With a ray too bright to last,
There are cares of age to meet us
When those sunny days are past;
But the past scenes hover o'er us,
And give back the heart a while,
All that memory can restore us
In a mother's welcome smile.

There are scenes and sunny places
On which feeling loves to dwell,
There are many happy faces
Who have known and loved us well;
But 'mid joy or 'mid dejection,
There is nothing can beguile,
That can show the fond affection
Of a mother's welcome smile.

TRUE LOVE AND A HAPPY HOME.

"Ask what thou wilt," said a fairy voice,
"Ask what thou wilt of me;
Of all on earth thou canst have thy choice,

On land or on the sea.

I have the power rich gifts to bestow,
And what thou wilt I'll grant;

But only once, I would have thee know, Can I supply thy want."

Then I sat me down and pondered long, Of what the gift should be,

Which the fairy voice had kindly said Should be given but once to me.

I will not ask that wealth, or fame, Should a worthless chaplet twine

Around my brow, or adorn my name; Nor that beauty should be mine.

For these are transient as the dew Before the burning sun;

And fade as quickly from the view, Ere morning is begun.

"In none of these," my heart replied, "Would the height of happiness be;

True love and a happy home," I cried, "Is all I ask of thee."

HOME FOR ALL.

They tell me there's a fairer home,
A better, purer sphere than this,
Where pleasures all immortal bloom,
A lasting home of changeless bliss.

They tell me there's a higher home,
Far from this scene of gloomy fear,
Where golden flowers celestial bloom,
Where skies are fair and always clear.

They tell me there's a home of peace,
A fadeless home of glory bright,
Unchanging and forever new,
'Mid shining orbs and worlds of light.

They tell me there's a home of rest,
In mansions that are reared above,
Where hearts beat true, where mourners find
A heavenly balm of glorious love.

They tell me of the beauties there,
Rich beauties that will charm the soul,
Of countless glories deep and true,
Where streams of pleasure ceaseless roll.

The fount of joy is ever full;
There death will draw no parting tears;
But rills of life roll on and on,
Through all the never-ending years.

Far, far above earth's low deceit,
Beyond the wilds of grief and care,
My home, my home, my heavenly home,
'Mid shining orbs, 'tis there! 'tis there!

WOMAN.

Woman, dear woman, in whose name
Wife, sister, mother meet,
Thine is the heart by earliest claim,
And thine its latest beat.
In thee the angel-virtues shine;
An angel form to thee is given:
Then be an angel's office thine,
And lead the soul to heaven.

From thee we draw our infant strength;
Thou art our childhood's friend;
And when the man unfolds at length,
On thee his hopes depend;
For round the heart thy power hath spun
A thousand dear, mysterious ties:
Then take the heart thy charms have won,
And nurse it for the skies.

THE MAN I LIKE.

I LIKE the man who will maintain
A dignity and grace;
Who can be social when there's need,
And always knows his place.

I love the man whose blandest smile
Is seen at home, "sweet home,"
Who, when his daily task is o'er,
Has no desire to roam.

I like the man whose piercing glance
Will make the guilty start,
As though he had the power to search
His very inmost heart.

I like the man whose generous soul Pities the orphan's woe; Who never lets the needy one Unaided from him go.

I'd have him generous, good, and just,
As God made man to be;
The noblest work below the sun
Is such a one as he.

And now I've told you whom I like, And you may think the same; Should Mr. Such-a-one come along, Then I would change my name.

THE LILY.

I hap found out a sweet green spot,
Where a lily was blooming fair;
The din of the city disturbed it not,
But the spirit, that shades the quiet cot
With its wings of love, was there.

I found that lily's bloom
When the day was dark and chill:
It smiled, like a star in the misty gloom,
And it sent abroad a soft perfume,
Which is floating around me still.

I sat by the lily's bell,
And watched it many a day:—
The leaves, that rose in a flowing swell,
Grew faint and dim, then drooped and fell,
And the flower had flown away.

I looked where the leaves were laid,
In withering paleness, by,
And, as gloomy thoughts stole on me, said,
"There is many a sweet and blooming maid
Who will soon as dimly die."

THE CHURCH BELL.

WE have read many affecting, instructive, and moral tales, but certainly none to surpass the following, translated from the German by CLARA CUSHMAN. Its quiet pathos, the motive with which it is impregnated, the beneficial and pious tone (pious without being fanatical) in which it is clothed, and the skill evinced in its construction, render it a true gem; and we trust none of our readers will pass it by unnoticed.

The village was small, and the church was not a cathedral, but a quiet, unostentatious stone chapel, half covered by climbing plants, and a forest of dark trees round it. They shaded the interior so completely in the summer afternoons, that the figure of the altar-piece (painted, the villagers averred, by Abrecht Durer) could scarce be distinguished, and rested upon the broad canvas, a mass of shadowy outlines.

A quaint carved belfrey rose above the trees, and in the bright dawn of the Sabbath, a chime, sweet and holy, floated from it, calling the villagers to their devotions; but the bell, whose iron tongue gave forth that chime, was not the bell that my

story speaks of. There was another, long before that was cast, that had hung for years, perhaps a century, in the same place. But now it is no longer elevated. Its tongue is mute, for it lies upon the ground at the foot of the church tower, broken and bruised. It is half buried in the rich mould, and there are green stains creeping over it, eating into its iron heart. No one heeds it now, for those who had brought it there are sleeping coldly and silently all around in the churchyard. The shadow of these dark trees rests on many graves.

How came the bell to be thus neglected? A new generation arose.

"See," they said, "the church where our parents worshipped falls to decay. Its towers crumble to dust. The bell has lost its silver tone—it is broken. We will have a new tower, and another bell shall call us to our worship."

So the old belfrey was destroyed, and the old bell lay at the foundation. It was grieved at the cruel sentence, but it scorned to complain. It was voiceless.

They came, weeks after, to remove it—the remains would still be of use; but strive as they would, no strength was able to raise the bell. It had grown ponderous—it defied them, rooted to the earth as it seemed.

"They cannot make me leave my post," thought the bell. "I will watch over this holy spot. It has been my care for years." Time passed, and they strove no longer to remove the relic. Its successor rang clearly from the tower above his head, and the old bell slumbered on in warm sunshine and the dreary storm, unmolested, and almost forgotten.

The afternoon was calm, but the sun's rays were most powerful. A bright, noble boy had been walking listlessly under the whispering trees. He was in high health, and was resting from eager exercise; for there was a flush upon his open brow, and as he walked he wiped the beaded drops from his forehead.

"Ah, here is the place," he said. "I will lie down in the cool shade, and read this pleasant volume."

So the youth stretched his wearied limbs upon the velvet grass, and his head rested near the old bell; but he did not know it, for there was a low shrub with thick serrated leaves and fragrant blossoms spreading over it, and the youth did not care to look beyond.

Presently the letters in his book began to grow indistinct. There was a mist creeping over the page, and while he wondered at the marvel, a low, clear voice spoke to him. Yes, it called his name, "Novalis."

"I am here," said the lad, though he could see no one. He glanced upward and around, yet there was no living creature in sight.

"Listen," said the voice. "I have not spoken

to mortal for many, many years. My voice was hushed at thy birth. Come, I will tell thee of it."

The youth listened, though he was sadly amazed. He felt bound to the spot, and he could not close his ears.

"Time has passed swiftly," said the voice, "since I watched the children, who are now men and women, at their sports in the neighboring forest. I looked out from my station in the old tower, and morning and evening beheld with joy those innocent faces, as they ran and bounded in wild delight, fearless of the future, and careless of the present hour. They were all my children, for I rejoiced at their birth; and if it was ordained that the good Shepherd early called one of the lambs to his bosom, I tolled not mournfully, but solemnly, at the departure. I knew it was far better for those who slept thus peacefully, and I could not sorrow for them.

"I marked one, a fair, delicate girl, who often separated herself from her merry companions. She would leave their noisy play, and stealing with her book and work through the dark old trees, would sit for hours in the shadow of the tower. Though she never came without a volume, such a one as just now you were reading, the book was often neglected; and, leaning her head upon her hand, she would remain until the twilight tenderly veiled her beautiful form, rapt in a deep, still musing. I knew that her thoughts were holy and pure —

often of Heaven; for she would raise her eyes to the bending sky, jewelled as it was, in the evening hour, and seem in prayer, though her lips moved not, and the listening breezes could not catch a murmured word.

"But the girl grew up, innocent as in her childhood, yet with a rosier flush upon her cheeks, and a brighter lustre in her dreamy eye. I did not see her so often; but when my voice, on the bright Sabbath morning, called those who loved the Good Father to come and thank him for his wondrous mercy and goodness, she was the first to obey the summons; and I watched the snowy drapery which she always wore, as it fluttered by the dark foliage, or gleamed in the glad sunshine. She did not come alone, for her grandsire ever leaned upon her arm, and she guided his uncertain steps, and listened earnestly to the words of wisdom which he spake. Then I marked that often another joined the group -a youth who had been her companion years agone, when she was a very child. Now they did not stray as then, with arms entwined, and hand linked in hand; but the youth supported the grandsire, and she walked beside him, looking timidly upon the ground; and if by chance he spoke to her, a bright glow would arise to her lips and forehead.

"Never did my voice ring out for a merrier bridal than on the morn when they were united before the altar of this very church. All the village rejoiced with them, for the gentle girl was loved as a sister and a daughter. All said the youth to whom she had plighted her troth was well worthy of the jewel he had gained. The old praised, and the young admired, as the bridal party turned towards their home — a simple vine-shaded cottage, not a stone's throw from where thou art lying. They did not forget the God who bestowed so much happiness on them, even in the midst of pleasure; and often they would come in the hush of twilight, and, kneeling by the altar, give thanks for the mercies they had received.

"Two years—long as the period may seem to youth—glide swiftly past when the heart is not at rest. Then once more a chime floated from the belfry. It was at early dawn, when the mist was lying on the mountain side, and the dew, hid trembling in the harebells, frighted by the first beams of the rising day. A son had been given them—a bright, healthful babe, with eyes blue as the mother's who clasped him to her breast, and dedicated him with his first breath to the Parent who had watched over her orphaned youth, and had given this treasure to her keeping.

"That bright day faded, and even came sadly upon the face of nature. Deep and mournful was the tone I flung upon the passing wind, and the firtrees of the forest sent back a moan from their swaying branches, heavily swaying, as if for sympathy. Life was that day given, but another had been recalled. The young mother's sleep was not

broken, even by the wailing voice of her first-born, for it was the repose of death.

"They laid her beside the very spot where she had passed so many hours; and then I knew it was the grave of her parents which she had so loved to visit.

"The son lived, and the father's grief abated when he saw the boy growing into the image of his mother; and when the child, with uncertain footsteps, had dared to tread upon the velvet grass, the father brought him to the churchyard, and clasping his little hands as he knelt beside him, taught the babe that he had also a Father in heaven.

"I have lain since that time almost by her side, for my pride was humbled when they removed me from the station I had so long occupied. My voice has been hushed from that sorrowful night even until now; but I am compelled to speak to thee.

"Boy! boy! it is thy mother of whom I have told thee! Two lives were given for thine!—thy mother, who brought thee into the world, thy Savior, through whom is thy second birth. They have died that thou mightst live; and for so great a sacrifice, how much will be required of thee! See that thou art not found wanting when a reckoning is required of thee."

Suddenly as it had been borne to his ears, the voice became silent. The boy started as from a deep sleep, and put his hand to his brow. The dew lay damp upon it. The shades of evening had

crept over the churchyard, and he could scarce discern the white slab that marked the resting-place of his mother. It may have been a dream; but when he searched about him for the old bell, it was lying with its lip very near to the fragment pillow upon which he had reposed.

Thoughtfully and slowly the boy went towards his home; but though he told no one, not even his father, what had befallen him, the story of the old bell was never forgotten, and his future life was influenced by its remembrance.

A WORD TO THE SORROWING.

Look forward!
Though dark clouds of grief hang o'er thee,
Brighter scenes are yet before thee,
Which will peace and joy restore thee,
Pure and sweet:

Scenes of happiness disclosing, In the future now reposing,

Bliss complete

Look upward!
Each bright orb above thee gleaming,
Like pure light from glory streaming,
Ever o'er thee fondly beaming,
Speaks a rest,
Where we are will a'er appraise these

Where no care will e'er oppress thee, Where no pain will e'er distress thee, With the blest.

Press onward!

Upward, onward, still be pressing,
Wait not till the promised blessing,
Endless life, thou art possessing,
That blest prize!

Upward! onward! do not linger,
Hope still points, with radiant finger,

To the skies.

THE DESERTED.

Love him! Was ever woman's heart so yielded up as mine,

So dead to every other thought, or human or divine?

Mind, soul, and intellect have bowed in homage at his feet.

And in their ruin blindly thought such abject worship meet.

Love him! Yes, though I know his heart is cold and dead to me!

O, that it is to suffer all the deep soul's agony —

To wish for death, and yet to live a life of endless years,

To long to weep, yet feel the brain grow wild with unshed tears.

'Tis well, they say — the heartless world — that in life's pleasant springs

Are mingled bitter drops of woe, or else its fleeting things,

Its withering flowers of hope, that wile the heart to love, would grow

Too mighty in their loveliness, and chain our souls below.

They say, too, woman's trusting heart should scorn to be a slave,

Should sooner send its throbbing pulse to slumber in the grave;

And I have tried to summon pride, now that my dreams are o'er,

But when I thought I hated most, I found I loved the more.

And I must wear upon my face, to hide the wreck within,

A mask of smiles; HE shall not see how deep the wound has been;

He shall not know that 'neath the flowers of seeming happiness

There lurk the thorns of blighted love to poison every bliss.

The blotted page of girlish years, the lessons I have learned,

Shall teach to win as I was won—to spurn as I was spurned;

My heart be one cold marble shrine, to which mankind shall bow;

Away with love — fond, trusting love — I am a woman now!

VIRTUE AND ORNAMENT.

The diamond's and the ruby's rays
Shine with a milder, finer flame,
And more attract our love and praise
Than beauty's self, if lost to fame.

But the sweet tear in pity's eye
Transcends the diamond's brightest beams;
And the soft blush of modesty
More precious than the ruby seems.

The glowing gem, the sparkling stone,
May strike the sight with quick surprise;
But truth and innocence alone
Can still engage the good and wise.

No glittering ornament or show
Will aught avail in grief or pain:
Only from inward worth can flow
Delight that ever shall remain.

Behold, ye fair, your lovely queen!
'Tis not her jewels, but her mind;
A meeker, purer, ne'er was seen!
It is her virtue charms mankind!

TO MIMOSA.

O LADY, give thy fancy wings,
"Pour forth the flowing line;"
O, ne'er should lie untouched the strings
Of harp so sweet as thine.

Thy themes delight; to me they bring A soothing melody;
And o'er my ruffled spirits fling
The charms of minstrelsy.

I never saw thee — yet thy song
Awakes, to memory,
Some voice of that now severed throng,
That seemed the world to me.

Among them was a gifted one —
O, sadly sweet the lay
She tuned — her harp was like thine own;
But she was called away.

Thine is the power to call back days

That once were bright and fair,

And friends who trod with me the ways

Of youth devoid of care.

Then, lady, often wake the lyre, With artlessness thine own; Of thy sweet lays, O, none can tire, So soft and pure the tone.

NINOMAH.

The winds are whistling loud and shrill—
The night is damp and dark;
I fear me 'twill go hard with him
Who dares to-night embark.

It is a stormy lake, and wide,—
Ah! many have found it deep!—
By which Ninomah waits for one
Who has a vow to keep.

She trembles, as the winds grow strong,
And waves leap fast and high;
And like swift hosts that haste to war,
The dismal clouds move by.

In vain she listens — nought she hears, Or sees, but of the storm, That louder, fiercer, darker grows, Around her trembling form.

"He's lost!" she cried, when long she'd faced The dark and dreary shore;

"He's lost! and I with him will die, For he can come no more!"

The storm went by — the morning came;
His heart was glad, I ween,
Who hastened now to mend the vow
He could but break last e'en.

"O, come, my love, embark with me —
O, where art thou, my bride?"
He called with joy — and then with fear —
And not a voice replied.

But soon he saw upon the beach
A stiff and pallid form,
Left on the hard and crystal sand
By the retreating storm.

It was Ninomah's lifeless corse—
He saw,—but saw no more!
At even the hunter oft has seen
Two spectres walk that shore.

A SIMILE.

I saw on the top of a mountain high
A gem that shone like fire by night;
It seemed a star that had left the sky,
And dropped to sleep on the mountain's height.

I climbed the peak, and I found it soon A lump of ice in the clear, cold moon; Canst thou its hidden sense impart? A cheerful look and a broken heart.

FRIENDS.

FRIEND after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our only rest,—
Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime,
Where life is not a breath;
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown,—
A whole eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

Thus star by star declines,

Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines

To pure and perfect day:
Nor sink those stars in empty night;
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

SUBMISSION.

I would not ask a thornless life, From every sorrow free, Did God, in his kind providence, Permit it so to be.

For as the verdure of the earth Would wither and decay,
Beneath the dazzling gloriousness
Of a perpetual day,—

So the green places of the heart,
In life's progressive years,
Would cease to yield the buds of hope,
If watered not by tears.

ask a firm and steadfast mind,
 My duties to fulfil;
 A cheerful and obedient heart,
 To do my Master's will;

An humble and enduring faith,
To lift my soul above,
And in each chastening grief to see
A Father's tender love;—

A heaven-born strength, to follow on
The path the Savior trod,
Through him to win the meed of grace,
And endless joy with God.

THE DISSATISFIED SPIRIT.

God "bowed the heavens, and came down," and breathed upon the earth, and a living soul was born. It was not an angel to watch over the destinies of man, and interpose its white wing between him and evil, but it was a thing as lovely, and it looked about to find itself a dwelling-place. While it. paused in doubt, there came fluttering by a gay, beautiful creature, its bright wings woven in the loom from which the iris sprung, all glittering in gold and crimson, now bathing in the dew, and now in the sunlight, brilliant and blithesome, and light as the air on which it balanced. The spirit grew glad at the pretty sight; and as the tiny wonder again swept by, it thought within itself, "What a delightful thing to be a butterfly!" Instantly a pair of gorgeous wings sprouted from the wish, and the embodied spirit flew exultingly up and down the earth, careering in the light, and glorying in its new-found beauties. Sometimes it paused to peep into the hearts of the young flowers, and sipped daintily the sweets which dwelt on their fresh lips, and fanned them when they drooped, and bathed in

their perfume; and at night it folded up its wings. and made its couch where the moonbeams lay most lovingly. But it could not sleep. That was a breath from heaven stirring those gorgeous wings, the living soul within struggling, conscious that it was not performing its mission. There could not be a brighter nor gayer life, and surely the innocent little butterfly was not guilty of doing harm; but there was a chiding voice that came up from within. and the dissatisfied spirit could not sleep. Finally it grew sorrowful, even in the midst of its light companions, all intoxicated by the mere bliss And every day it grew more and more sorrowful, and its wings heavier, till at last it cried out in sharp anguish. Beautiful and innocent was the life of the gay insect; but the God-born spirit was not created to waste itself on a sunbeam or a flower, and those magnificent wings were leaden fetters to it. A bird was caroling on the tree above, and as the saddened spirit looked up, it thought of the happy hearts the little songster made, and how it praised God in its light joyousness, and then exclaimed, pantingly, "What a sweet thing to be a bird!"

A little child found a dead butterfly at the foot of the red maple-tree that morning, and as she stooped to pick it up, there came such a gush of melody from the green above, that she started back in pleased astonishment; and then, clapping her soft hands together, she raised her infantile voice in

clear, ringing tones, fraught with the music of a mirthful heart. On the instant, there came a rustling sound from the massive foliage. A pair of beautiful wings broke thence, and balanced for a moment above, then descended, hovering about the head of the child, as though bestowing some wordless blessing, and finally spread themselves for flight. The bird paused where the laborer rested at noontide, and the eye of the strong man brightened as he wiped the sweat away, and leaned against the rugged bark of the meadow-tree, yielding himself up to the delicious influence of its music. Then it flew to the casement of the invalid, and thence to the roof-tree of the cotter, and thence it still pursued its way, kindly and lovingly, pausing to warble a moment even by the barred window of the criminal. For many a day the bird-embodied spirit was happy and contented, and believed itself sent upon earth but for the purpose of winning men, by such small, sweet efforts, from sorrow.

But, as it nestled one night in the foliage of the forest tree, there came a sad misgiving to trouble it. It had heard of a nobler mission than it had yet dared to contemplate. It had looked into a path toilsome and difficult to walk in, strewn with thorns and beset with dangers, but yet glorious in that it had been trodden by a holy One, who had linked it to heaven. The timid spirit trembled as it thought, and folded its soft pinions over its breast,

and strove to recollect all the good it had done that day. It thought how it had softened the nature of the sinful, and dropped balm into the bosom of the sorrowing; but it could not shut down the high aspirations which were swelling within it. It knew well that the spirit of the little bird was not like itself, an emanation from the Deity. When the song was hushed and the plumage drooped, that spirit would go downward to the earth; but the living soul, born of the breath of the Almighty, could not so perish. Should it fling aside its loftier gifts, and take upon itself the mission (sweet and beautiful though that mission might be) of the soulless bird? "Ah, no!" thought the pretty warbler, while its wings seemed swelling to eagle's pinions, "the air is full of birds, the world is ringing with melody. It is delightful to swell the carefree chorus; but there is a higher, nobler mission still." As its breast heaved with these new emotions, a soft sound, as of a lute, stole up from a neighbóring grove, and an exquisitely modulated voice, with deep earnestness, clothed its secret thoughts in words: -

"I waste no more in idle dreams my life, my soul away;
I wake to know my better self, I wake to watch and pray.
Thought, feeling, time, on idols vain I've lavished all too long;
Henceforth to holier purposes I pledge myself, my song.
O, still within the inner veil, upon the spirit's shrine,
Still unprofaned by evil, burns the one pure spark divine
Which God has kindled in us all; and be it mine to tend,
Henceforth, with vestal thought and care, the light that lamp may

I know my soul is strong and high, if once I give it sway;
I feel a glorious power within, though light I seem, and gay.
O laggard soul! unclose thine eyes; no more in luxury soft
Of joy ideal waste thyself! Awake, and soar aloft;
Unfurl this hour those falcon wings which thou dost fold too long,
Raise to the skies thy lightning gaze, and sing the loftiest song."

The song ceased, and the struggling, God-born spirit looked down on the cold earth; and not forgetting toil, and suffering, and weariness, — not forgetting the degradation of sin, and the constant wrestling of the higher with the baser nature, — exclaimed, with deep enthusiasm, "What a sublime thing to be a man!"

A songster was missed from the woodland, and that same day knelt one in prayer; and then, humble but strong, and happier far than butterfly or bird, went cheerfully forth on man's great mission—TO DO GOOD.

MAY MORNING.

The bright May morning 's come again
With balmy air and showers,
And through the wood and in the glen
Is borne the breath of flowers.

And music floats upon the air,
And sighs along the plain;
The feathered songsters every where
Pour forth their gladsome strain.

Maidens and youths, come, hail the morn,
The birth of winsome May;
Come, twine ye garlands to adorn
Your brows this bright spring day.

Blue violets are over all the plain, And cowslips by the brook— Come, gather for love's fairy chain From every dell and nook.

And as ye twine your fragrant wreath
And sing your merry lay,
Let each young, thrilling bosom breathe
A welcome to sweet May.

TO A FLOWER.

Dawn, gentle flower, From the morning earth! We will gaze and wonder At thy wondrous birth!

Bloom, gentle flower!
Lover of the light,
Sought by wind and shower,
Fondled by the night!

Fade, gentle flower!
All thy white leaves close;
Having shown thy beauty,
Time 'tis for repose.

Die, gentle flower, In the silent sun! So, — all pangs are over, All thy tasks are done!

Day hath no more glory,
Though he soars so high;
Thine is all man's story—
Live,—but droop,—and die!

THE FLOWER AND THE TREE.

There was a verdant little spot,
By clustering ivies sweetly shaded,
Velveted o'er with living moss,
And lit by stars that never faded.
A flower in the sweet spot sprang up,
And grew until its bloom was bright;
Then, in its prime, it sadly drooped,
And closed its soft leaves on the light.
A poet told its history, as he passed by, and sighed:

A poet told its history, as he passed by, and sighed:
"A flower sprang up amid the moss, and grew, and bloomed, and died."

Ere Winter forged his glittering chains,
Where the young flower had drooped its head,
Nature another child brought forth,
And nursed it on the same soft bed.
It grew — and as the years flew by,
New strength was added, beauty given;
Until, a mighty tree, its top
Was mingled with the gray of heaven.
Again the poet struck his lyre, and woods and groves replied,

"For ages shall the tree survive, majestic in its pride."

That mossy, cool spot is my heart,
And love, the heaven-tinted flower;
It grew—it bloomed—then withered, died,
And passed away, in one brief hour.
Though other flowers were bright and sweet,
The beauty of the scene was gone:
Love perished—every hope was dead;
The solemn soul was all alone.

A flower sprang up amid the moss, and grew, and bloomed, and died.

Love perished in a youthful heart, and all was dead beside.

But soon a tree, above the place,
Shadowed the floweret's quiet grave;
So, when the flowers of love have closed,
The leaves of friendship kindly wave.
So every year but addeth strength;
The frailer love hath passed forever—
Less bright, but more enduring far,
The bloom of friendship withereth never.

Love sprang forth in a passionate heart, it grew, and bloomed, and died;

But friendship's tree still stately waves, majestic in its pride!

THE INVISIBLE RING.

In early life I often felt a strong desire to be able to make myself invisible, that I might visit the abodes of men without their knowledge of my presence, and thereby learn in what state true contentment was to be found. Being seated, one lovely afternoon, beneath a spreading elm, wholly lost in the all-absorbing subject, the good little fairy who presided at my birth suddenly made her appearance.

"You have long been importuning me," said she, "for the power to become invisible, that you might discover the secret dwelling of content. I now present you with a ring, which can never be perceived by any one but yourself, and which will enable you to pass through crowds unseen, when placed upon your finger; but on these conditions only will it avail you aught—that you never divulge your secret to any living mortal, nor use its power for any improper purpose, so long as you wish for its services."

She ceased speaking, and on raising my eyes I found she had disappeared; but the beautiful ring lay in my lap. Feeling somewhat impatient to test

its power, I placed it upon my finger, and sallied forth to "take observations." The first dwelling I entered was in a very retired spot, and though somewhat uninviting in its external appearance, I hoped the best and noblest qualities of the human mind might there be ripening for a blessed eternity; but the first sounds that met my ear were the petulant complaints of the wife, and the harsh, vulgar taunts of the husband. Three or four children occupied another part of the room, and were quarrelling among themselves, making a sad symphony to the tones of the parents. I turned away in sorrow at the thought that here, in this secluded place, the violent passions should have found an entrance.

Passing farther on, I next came to a splendid mansion, the country seat of an opulent gentleman in the city. Every thing that met the eye was delightful. The grounds were tastefully arranged, the finely-shaded walks were deliciously cool and refreshing, and the garden filled with the rarest plants and flowers. I hastily passed along, impatient to see the happy inmates of such a delightful place. On stepping in, I found, as I expected, every thing in perfect keeping with the exterior all was rich and elegant; but on entering a superb parlor, how soon did the pleasure I had anticipated vanish! There sat the mistress, surrounded by every thing a rational being could desire, pouring forth her complaints in the ear of a poor dependent relative, who was sitting hard by. The servants were unfaithful, dishonest, disobliging. There was nothing worth looking at if she went out, and nothing to interest her within; and worse yet, the fashionable season for returning to the city was still some weeks distant, and how could she exist in this dull place so long? At the window, in a recess, sat the master, yawning and half asleep, apparently incapable of enjoying any thing not connected with the rise of stocks, unless, perhaps, a feeling of pride at having decidedly the most splendid country residence in the parts might afford him an enviable gleam of pleasure occasionally. I need hardly say, that nowhere in this establishment was content to be found.

Disappointed, but not discouraged, I bent my steps towards a pretty, neat cottage, not far distant, where every thing wore the appearance of real comfort without, and not less so within. Neatness. order, and frugality, shone conspicuously in every apartment. The mistress, a blooming matron of thirty-five, surrounded by a group of sweet little chubby faces, was busily employed in the various duties of wife, mother, and thorough housekeeper. Though of a quiet turn of mind, she never shrunk from the assigned path of duty, however arduous. Difficulties only aroused her energies, and invigorated her resolution. The gay world around had no charms for her. Her heart was at home. she felt she was most useful and happy. I regretted that the husband and father of this interesting

household was absent for the day; but I could easily perceive by the frequent and earnest inquiries of the children, and the delighted replies of the mother, that he was their all in all on earth, and their guide to heaven. Before leaving this blest abode, I gave one scrutinizing glance around. A well-earned competency was all they could boast, and that had taught them how to live, and had given them health to enjoy the reward of honest industry. Here it was I found content. From this place I bent my steps homeward, exclaiming, as I meditated on what I had seen, "Lord, give me neither poverty nor riches," but rather a grateful heart and contented mind.

Reader, my wish has been gratified. I have disclosed my secret, and my ring is gone forever.

WHAT A WORLD THIS MIGHT BE. .

O, what a world this might be,
If hearts were always kind;
If, friendship, none would slight thee,
And fortune proved less blind!—

With love's own voice to guide us —
Unchanging e'er and fond —
With all we wish beside us,
And not a care beyond.

O, what a world this might be!

More blest than that of yore:

Come, learn, and 'twill requite ye,

To love each other more.

O, what a world of beauty
A loving heart might plan,
If man but did his duty,
And helped his brother man!

Then angel guests would brighten.
The threshold with their wings,
And love divine enlighten
The old forgotten springs.

A LADY'S VALENTINE.

The following was found in one of the streets of Boston, the sentiment of which is too good to be lost.

I would be thine!

Ah! not to learn the anguish

Of being first a deity enshrined,

Then, when the fever-fit is passed, to languish,

Stripped of each grace that fancy round me twined:

Not such the lot I crave.

I would be thine!

Not in bright summer weather,
A sunny atmosphere to breathe,
But fear and tremble when the storm-clouds gather,
And shrink life's unrelenting frown beneath,
Failing when needed most.

I would be thine!
To lose all selfish feeling
In the sole thought of thee, far dearer one,
To study every look thy will revealing,
To make thy voice's ever-varying tone
The music of my heart.

I would be thine!
When sickness doth oppress thee,
With love's unwearied vigilance to watch;
Waking, to soothe, to comfort, to caress thee;
Sleeping, to list in dread, each sound to catch,
Thy slumbers that might break.

I would be thine!
When vexed by worldly crosses
To cheer thee with affection's constant care,
To stay thee, 'neath the burden of thy losses,
By showing thee how deeply thou art dear,
Most so in thy distress.

I would be thine!

Gently and unrepining

To bear with thee, when chafed and spirit-worn,
The hasty word, the quick reproach denying
But by the soft submission, which is borne

Of steadfast love alone.

I would be thine!

My world in thee to centre,
With all its hopes, cares, fears, and loving thought,
No wish beyond the home where thou shouldst enter,
Ever anew to find thy presence brought
My life's best joy.

I would be thine!

Not passion's wild emotion

To show thee, fitful as the changing wind,

But with a still, deep, fervent life-devotion,

To be to thee the help-meet God designed—

For this would I be thine!

to Move placed with a

HOW MUCH THERE IS THAT'S BEAUTIFUL.

How much there is that's beautiful
In this fair world of ours!
The verdure of the early spring,
The sweetly blooming flowers,
The brook that dances in the light,
The birds that carol free,
Are objects beautiful and bright,
That every where we see.

There's beauty in the early morn,
When all is hushed and still—
And at the lovely sunset hour,
'Tis spread o'er vale and hill—
It lives within the gorgeous clouds.
That float along the sky—
And O, how purely beautiful
Our evening canopy!

It dwells in quiet stillness where
The glassy waters glide,
And wakes to awful grandeur 'neath
The cataract's foaming tide;
'Tis throned in dark, stern majesty,
Where the tall mountain towers.
O, there is beauty every where
In this bright world of ours.

The fairy spell that childhood wears,
Its artlessness and truth,
The light that lives within the eye
And in the smile of youth,
The impress on the manly brow,
Wrought with the shade of care,
That tells of high and noble thought,
How beautiful they are!

And life — how much is shed around,
To bless and cheer us here,
When strength and energy are found
Its lesser ills to bear!
Although a cloud may sometimes rise,
A shadow sometimes rest
Upon our earthly pathway, still
'Tis beautiful and blessed.

FRIENDSHIP.

Our viewless boundary is a chain
That passeth through each heart,
That, lengthened, soon contracts again,
That, rent, is always rent in vain;
The links are loadstones to the train,
And can't be kept apart!

THEY AWOKE IN HEAVEN.

Translated from the German.

Wife. Thou hast slept well?

Husband. As never before. Not even in child-hood did I experience such a deep, soft, refreshing slumber. My old father, — thou rememberest him well, — when he stepped into the room in the morning, where we were waiting for him, used to say, in answer to our inquiry how he had slept, "Like the blessed." Like the blessed, I might say, have I slept; or, rather, like the blessed have I awakened. I feel myself new quickened, as if all weariness, and all need of sleep, were gone forever. Such vigor is in my limbs, such elasticity in my movements, that I believe I could fly, if I would.

W. And you are pleased with this place?

H. Indeed, I must say we have been in many a beautiful place together; but this is wonderful and beautiful beyond description. What trees, actually heaven high! They bear blossoms and fruit together. Their branches, swaying to the morning wind, cause the tree tops all to give forth melody, as if a host of feathered singers dwelt in them. Behind the trees the mountains tower up, their majestic forms rigidly defined in the pure air; and here and there clouds, glowing with all the hues of

sunrise and sunset, stretch along their sides, or float over their summits. Upon the highest peak, out of a milk-white, translucent, shimmering mist, there spring, as it were, the gates, and towers, and palaces of a splendid city. From this peak nearest us, there seems to gush a mighty water, which I may call a sea rather than a stream, and which, nevertheless, leaps down the numerous terraces of the mountain, not with fearful roaring, but with a melodious sound. Wide about us are sprinkled the drops which water the trees and flowers, and impart a delicious coolness to the air, making it ecstasy to breathe here. Look, too, at this bank whereon we stand! How luxuriant, and how thickly strown with wonderful flowers! We wander over it, and yet the spires of grass are not broken, nor are the flowers crushed by our footsteps. It is a solitary place; yet on all sides vistas open to us, and the horizon tempts us ever farther and farther on.

W. Hast thou seen all this often before, or dost thou see it to-day for the first time?

H. Notwithstanding all is so homelike to me here, and though every thing greets me as something long beloved, yet when I think of it, I must say, "No, I have never been here before."

W. And dost thou not wonder to see me again at thy side?

H. Indeed; and hast thou not somehow always been near me?

W. In a certain sense, I have; but in another,

not so. It is long since thine eyes have seen me. I disappeared from them once.

H. Ah! now there sweeps over my memory, as it were, a dark cloud — days of anxiety, and nights spent in weeping — only the painful thoughts and emotions which so recently absorbed me. Now they elude my grasp. I cannot distinctly comprehend them. They appear to me something mysterious.

W. Think on the fourteenth of February.

H. How now! it is all clear to me. It was near noon. Four days hadst thou been sick. We had feared much for thee, but still had hope. Suddenly a faintness came over thee. Thou didst lean thy head upon my breast, didst sink back with a deep sigh. Thou diedst — yes, it is all over. Thou art dead.

W. I am dead; yet see, I live!

H. If thou art dead, and if I see thee, then do I really dream?

W. Thou dreamest not, for thou art awake.

H. Or, art thou sent down from heaven to earth, that I should see thee again for a short time, and then anew, through long years, lament thy disappearance?

W. No; henceforth we shall never separate. I am indeed sent to thee, but not down upon the earth. Look around thee here. Where upon earth hast thou seen such trees—such waters? Look at thyself. Thou didst go about yonder, bowed be-

neath the weight of years. Now thou art young again. Thou dost not walk — thou floatest. Thine eyes not only see, but see immeasurably far. Look inward upon thyself. Has it always been with thy heart as now?

H. Within me is a deep, unfathomable, everswelling, and yet entirely still and peaceful sea. Yes, when I look about me here, and when I feel thy hand in mine, then I must say I am blessed, I am in heaven.

W. Thou art.

H. And then must I be actually dead?

W. Thou art. Hast thou not lain sick in that very chamber where I died, and whither thou didst long to be brought? Has not thy son, day and night, without leaving thy side, sincerely and tenderly nursed thee? Hast thou not by day and night found open the blue eye of thy daughter, in which she vainly strove to hold back the forthwelling tears? Were there not then a deep mist and utter darkness spread over the faces of thy children, and over every thing around thee?

H. I AM DEAD! Lord of life and death, upon my knees I thank thee that thou hast fulfilled this so great thing in me, that thou hast led me to such high happiness, to such great honor—dead, and happy to be dead! Thou knowest, O Lord, how often that moment stood before me; how often I have prayed that thou thyself, since I was not able to do it, wouldst prepare me for that hour; that

thou wouldst send me a soft, blessed death. Now, O Lord, that thou hast heard this, as all my other prayers, thou hast in this, as in all things, eternally shown thyself gracious and pitiful. What stood before me is now over. Truly, though dead, I have not yet learned exactly what death is; but this much I know, death is sweet. As one bears a sleeping child out of a dark chamber into a bright spring garden, so hast thou borne me from earth to heaven. But now, loved one, hold me no longer back.

W. Whither wouldst thou go?

H. Caust thou ask? To whom else but to Him? All is beautiful and lovely here — these trees, these flowers, this down-streaming water, this coolness which breathes over flowers and trees, and deep into my heart; thyself, thy presence, which, after so long a separation, after so many tears, I enjoy again; - but not even all this satisfies me. HIMSELF I must see. Let him adorn his heaven as beautifully as he may, that cannot compensate for the loss of his presence. What was impossible, he has made possible. So long, so unweariedly, so faithfully has he worked in me, that I might be capable of bliss! Even before I was born, he chose me. Where is the little earth? Yonder it spins, how far from here! In what darkness it is veiled! I would not again return to it. He has condescended to go down thither, has trod its dust with his sacred feet, has endured hunger and thirst, has died. Ah! he will quicken my vision, that I may

pierce deeper than heretofore the abyss of his death pains. There he won me for his own; and, that I, his dearly-purchased one, should not again be lost to him, he has, from my earliest years, given me his ceaseless care. Much that he has done for me have I already learned upon the earth. Now I know more, and I shall know still more in the future, when together we recount the whole. But now I have no time for this. Emotion within me is too strong; my heart will burst; I must away to him, see him, thank him, if I am capable of thanking him, if in this overpowering bliss thanksgiving be not swallowed up.

W. Thou wilt see him, but not until he comes to thee. Until then, be patient. I am sent to thee, to tell thee that such is his will.

H. Now I know for a certainty that I am in heaven, for my will yields itself implicitly to his, without a struggle. I had thought it wholly insupportable not to see him here. Yet I not only bear it, but bear it cheerfully. He wills this, I will it also. Other than this seems now impossible to me. So readily could we not submit below. But if thou art sent to me from him, then must he have spoken with thee. He has already spoken many words with thee?

W. Already many.

H. O thou truly blessed one! Canst thou tell how it was with thee, when he for the first time spake with thee?

- W. As it has been in my heart each following time. I am using an earthly language with thee, in which these things cannot be described.
- H. As thou sawest him for the first time, didst thou instantly recognize him?
 - W. Instantly.
- H. How? By that particular glory in which he outshines all angels?
- W. He has no need to clothe himself in splendor. We know him without that.
- H. Dost thou mean that I will immediately recognize him, without any one saying to me, "That is he"?
 - W. Thine own heart will tell thee.
- H. How will he really seem to me, severe or gentle? Below, when I cried to him out of the darkness of my earth life, he often answered me with sternness.
- W. There below, he is constrained to do this with his best beloved. Here, it is no longer necessary. Here, there is no need that he should do violence to his own heart. He can give free expression to his love. This love is infinite. On earth we could not fathom it; as little can we do so here.
- H. Do there exist among you here differences in glory and blessedness?
- W. In endless degrees; but then the highest are even as the most lowly, so they stoop down to the humblest. And this does he require of them; for

He who ranks above the highest is himself the humblest of all. So, then, these diversities become swallowed up, and we are all one in him.

H. Lo, I have often thought me, if I only reach heaven, only dwell not with the enemies of the Lord, I shall be content to be the very least of all there. Thou, methought, wouldst soar in a much higher circle, and our children also, when they left the earth. But then, if, only once in a thousand years, I might be counted worthy to see the Lord, still, methought it would be enough for me.

W. Be trustful. Whom he receives, he receives to glory. Knowest thou not by what wonderful way he has called us in his word?

H. Well do I know all that, and I see with what glory and honor he has crowned thee. Between thine image in thy last sickness and that which now stands revealed to me,—between that perishable flower, and the heavenly blossom,—what a difference! No, this bloom upon thy cheek can never fade, this light in thine eyes can never be dimmed. Thy form shall never bear the impress of age. Thus ever wilt thou wander about with me here; thou wilt show me the glory of these heavenly mansions, and also wilt lead me to those other blessed ones, who are dear to me.

W. Thou wilt see them as soon as thou hast seen the Lord.

H! How delightful was it of old, when we sought our aged father in his cot!! Our carriage

rolled up, all came running out before the house, and among the whole troop we sought first his dear. honored countenance. How much more delightful to see him here! He whom the smallest favor filled with thanks to the giver, who could find beauty in a single spire of grass, who smiled at a brighter sunbeam, who went forth so joyfully under the starry heavens, and adored the Creator of these worlds, - what must be experience here, where the wonders of Omnipotence lie all open and unveiled before him! He who, in the silent joy of his heart, thanked the Lord for his beneficence, and for the least refreshing which was granted him on his weary earth-way, - what thanks will he now pour forth to his Redeemer! "We shall meet again," he said to me in his last sickness, as he pressed my hand with all his remaining strength - "we shall meet again, and together thank God for his grace."

W. Thou wilt soon see him and thy mother also.

H. My mother, who loved me with such unspeakable tenderness, and whom I have never known! I was but three years old when I lost her. As she lay upon her death-bed, and I was playing in the garden before the house, "What will become of my poor child?" she cried. Good mother! all that a man can be, thy son has become—an inhabitant of heaven. Through the grace of God has this been effected, and also by the help of thy prayers. Is it not so?

W. It is even so. I have often spoken of thee with thy father and mother.

H. Is X--- here?

W. Yes.

H. I had not expected it. That, however, was wrong. Why am I here? But the dear souls whom I left behind me on earth, I would have some tidings of them; or is the perception of them lost to us until the moment of reunion?

W. This question thou mayst speedily answer for thyself. Look thither.

H. I do so, but I see nothing.

W. Look longer in this direction, and you will surely see. Dost thou see now?

H. Perfectly. The place is familiar to me. It is the churchyard, where I placed thy mortal part, which was given back to the earth. The place became dear to me. I often sought it, and kneeling upon the grave, raised my eyes hitherward to heaven, where we both are now. Among beautiful trees and flowers, I thought, may she be wandering there; among trees and flowers shall her body rest here. So a flower-garden and a wilderness of blossoms sprang up, and every beautiful thing which the anniversary brought with it adorned thy grave.

W. I knew it well. Look thitherward now. What seest thou?

H. Near thy grave another is open. The churchyard gate stands open — a corpse is borne forward — our children follow. Do ye weep, loved hearts, weep so bitterly? Could ye see us as we see you, ye would not weep, or, at the most, only for longing. The body—my body—is lowered; now they cast a handful of dust upon the coffin. The grave is closed; now rests my dust by thine. Go home now, ye loved ones, and may the foretaste of that heavenly peace which we enjoy glide to your souls. But return hitherward often, and seek the grave of your old parents. When ye meet and pray there, we will be near you, and bring you heavenly gifts from the Lord. Henceforth, take his hand as ye go. He will guide you safely. Your old parents have proved this! And one day will he bring us all together again.

W. Amen. Thus it will surely be.

H. Hearest thou those sounds? What may it be? Strange and wonderful, like the mingled roaring of the sea, and sweetest flute notes, they come from that quarter, and float through the wide heaven. Hark! now from the other side melody arises, a wholly different note, and yet just as strange and eurapturing. What may it be?

W. They are angel choirs, which from immeasurable distance answer one another.

H. What do they sing?

W. Ever of One, who is the theme of eternal and ceaseless praise.

H. For some time, already a form moves about there.

W. Observe it more closely, and then tell me why it attracts thee so.

H. Pardon me, who am so lately called from the earth, an earthly, childish comparison. At the home where I was born - thou knowest it well, though at the time thou wast no longer upon earth - I had planted a garden. As the spring came, I devoted myself to its cultivation, and enjoyed myself over my plants and their beautiful unfoldings. There were many trees there, much shrubbery, and many flowers; yet I knew every shoot. I had myself planted and watered it. Each in its turn came under my inspection, and when it put on its bright green, and blossomed beautifully, and grew thriftily, then found I a heart friend in it. Thus seems to me that man to be the gardener in this heavenly garden. He moves hither and thither quietly, and in mildest radiance; but one can see that every thing here is familiar to him. He casts around on all besides a satisfied and friendly glance, and appears to find joy in all creation here. heart! Till this moment, I have felt within me only soft, soothing emotions; but now a tempest is rising in my breast. I am dizzy. Heaven, with its glory, vanishes from my sight. I see him alone. Now pain returns again to this heart; yet in this pain there lives a higher blessedness. My soul burns with longing to approach him. Yes, he is indeed one known to me, though never before seen face to face. Now he turns hitherward, and looks

upon us. He appears to rejoice over us. His eyes glisten with tears of joy. I can no longer restrain myself; I must away to him. I must say to him, that I love him as I never loved aught before. He raises his hands—how? in those hands a mark, and from the mark, rays darting forth? Yes, those are the pierced, the bleeding hands. He blesses us! Deep in my heart I feel his blessing. Now know I that I am in heaven! Now know I that this is He!

W. Away, then, to him.

"Bright glories rush upon my sight, And charm my wondering eyes; The regions of immortal light, The beauties of the skies.

There's a delightful clearness now;
My clouds of doubt are gone;
Fled is my former darkness, too;
My fears are all withdrawn.

Short is the passage, short the space, Between my home and me; There, there behold the radiant place! How near the mansions be!"

HEAVEN.

Is heaven a place where pearly streams Glide over silver sand, Like childhood's rosy, dazzling dreams Of some far fairy land?

Is heaven a clime where diamond dews
Glitter on fadeless flowers,
And mirth and music ring aloud
From amaranthine bowers?

Ah, no; not such, not such is heaven!
Surpassing far all these;
Such cannot be the guerdon given
Man's wearied soul to please.

For saints and sinners, here below, Such vain to be have proved; And the pure spirit will despise Whate'er the sense has loved.

There shall we dwell with Sire and Son, And with the mother-maid, And with the Holy Spirit, one, In glory like arrayed.

And not to one created thing Shall one embrace be given; But all our joy shall be in God, For only God is heaven.

REUNION IN HEAVEN.

Ir yon bright stars, which gem the night,
Be each a blissful dwelling sphere,
Where kindred spirits reunite,
Whom death has torn asunder here,
How sweet it were at once to die,
And leave this blighted orb afar,
Mixed soul and soul to cleave the sky,
And soar away from star to star!

But O, how dark, how drear and lone,
Would seem this world of bliss,
If, wandering through each radiant one,
We failed to find the loved of this!
If there no more the ties shall twine,
That death's cold hand alone could sever,
Ah, then these stars in mockery shine,
More hateful as they shine forever.

It cannot be — each hope, each fear,
That lights the eye or clouds the brow,
Proclaims there is a happier sphere
Than this black world that holds us now.
There is a voice which sorrow hears
When heaviest weighs life's galling chain;
'Tis heaven that whispers, Dry thy tears;
The pure in heart shall meet again.

I WISH I WERE AT REST IN HEAVEN.

It is said that, many years ago, a young bride was kneeling at the altar, and remaining long on her knees, they raised her, and found that her spirit had departed. Her last words were, "I wish I were at rest in heaven!"

"I wish I were at rest in heaven, Among the faithful blest: The soul is freed from anguish there, The weary are at rest.

"I wish I were at rest in heaven,"
A fair girl gently sighed,
As she knelt beside the altar,
A young and lovely bride.

Rich pearls gleamed forth from her dark hair, And diamonds without peer; Yet grief was shadowed on her brow, And in her eye a tear.

"I wish I were at rest in heaven:
Gently life's waters glide
In those bright realms of peace and love,
Where sorrows ne'er betide.

"I wish I were at rest in heaven:
O, sweet would be my song;
And heavenly bright my azure robe,
'Mid the angelic throng.

- "I wish I were at rest in heaven,
 Where reigns no care or woe;
 I long in the celestial fount
 To bathe my weary brow.
- "I wish I were at rest in heaven;
 There dwells my early guide;
 I pant to clasp her to my heart,
 And rest me by her side.
- "Long years have passed since in my arms
 Was breathed her parting sigh;
 Softly she murmured, 'Fare thee well!
 Helena, I must die.'
- "Hark! floating on the twilight air, Sweet music wakes the gloom: "Tis she—I hear her angel voice; Mother! I come, I come."

The priest stood long with solemn air, Yet moved she not her head; Surprise, amazement, seized his frame, And o'er his features spread.

Loud did he call — no answer came:
They raised her — she was dead:
She had become the bride of Heaven;
The weary soul had fled.

THE BIBLE.

This book of books I'd rather own
Than all the gold or gems
That e'er in monarchs' coffers shone—
Than all their diadems.
Nay, were the seas one chrysolite,
The earth a golden ball,
And diamonds all the stars of night,
This book were worth them all.

Here, He who died on Calvary's tree
Hath made that promise blest:

"Ye heavy-laden, come to me,
And I will give you rest;
A bruised reed I will not break,
A contrite heart despise;
My burden's light, and all who take
My yoke shall win the skies."

Yes, yes, this book is truly worth
All else to mortals given;
For what are all the joys of earth
Compared to joys in heaven?
This is the guide our Father gave
To lead to realms of day—
A star whose lustre gilds the grave—
"The light, the life, the way."

SWEET MEMORIES.

When soft stars are peeping
Through the pure azure sky,
And southern gales sweeping
Their warm breathings by,
Like sweet music pealing
Far o'er the blue sea,
There come o'er me stealing
Sweet memories of thee.

The bright rose, when faded,
Flings forth o'er its tomb
Its velvet leaves laded
With silent perfume;
Thus round me will hover
In grief, or in glee,
Till life's dream be over,
Sweet memories of thee.

As a sweet lute that lingers
In silence alone,
Unswept by light fingers
Scarce murmurs a tone,
My young heart resembled
That lute light and free,
Till o'er its chords trembled
Those memories of thee.

TIME TO ME.

Time to me this truth hath taught;

'Tis a truth that's worth revealing:

More offend from want of thought,

Than from any want of feeling.

If advice we would convey,

There's a time we should convey it;

If we've but a word to say,

There's a time in which to say it!

Oft, unknowingly, the tongue
Touches on a chord so aching,
That a word or accent wrong
Pains the heart almost to breaking.
Many a tear of wounded pride,
Many a fault of human blindness,
Had been soothed or turned aside
By a quiet voice of kindness!

Many a beauteous flower decays,

Though we tend it e'er so much;

Something secret on it preys,

Which no human aid can touch.

So, in many a lovely breast,

Lies some canker-grief concealed,

That, if touched, is more oppressed!

Left unto itself,—is healed!

Time to me this truth hath taught;
'Tis a truth that's worth revealing:—
More offend for want of thought
Than from any want of feeling!

BENEVOLENCE.

O, LET us never lightly fling
A barb of woe to wound another;
O, never let us haste to bring
The cup of sorrow to a brother.
Each has the power to wound — but he
Who wounds that he may witness pain
Has learnt no law of Charity,
Which ne'er inflicts a pang in vain.

'Tis godlike to awaken joy,
Or sorrow's influence to subdue;
But not to wound, nor to annoy,
Is part of virtue's lesson too:
Peace, winged in fairer worlds above,
Shall send her down and brighten this,
When all man's labor be to love,
And all his thoughts — a brother's bliss.

AMIABILITY.

"I would not rail at beauty's charming power, I would but have her aim at something more; The fairest symmetry of form or face From intellect receives its highest grace."

Or all the graces which adorn and dignify the female character, amiability is perhaps the most preëminent; the peculiar excellence of this virtue consists in the power of exciting universal love and esteem. It is exercised without effort, and enjoyed without alloy; discretion and good nature are the material ingredients of this valuable quality.

It was this inestimable grace which induced the wise man to confer on the woman under its influence a value whose price is above rubies; and he invested her with this endearing attribute — that she opened her mouth with wisdom, and her tongue is the law of kindness. It is this grace that shows an irresistible charm over the natural beauties, and exhibits every moral and intellectual attainment in their most interesting point of view. While many other graces have a specific and limited operation, this is universal; when once it is implanted as a principle in the heart, it never ceases to grow, but

is continually yielding the most delectable fruit; every incident, however minute, and every event, however disastrous and mournful, constitutes alike an element in which this grace flourishes in all the luxuriance of eternal health. In the sick chamber, the social circle, and the drawing room, it furnishes from its own ample resources all that is most soothing, attractive, and captivating; ever prompt without officiousness, and deliberate without indifference. It invests its most trifling offices with an unspeakable value to those on whom they are conferred, and bestows the most costly presents with a liberality so pure and genuine, as to silence the most captious, and captivate the most scrupulous.

Of the conduct of others, an amiable female is always charitable. The omission of attentions disturbs her not: she is ever ready to suggest a thousand reasons for a supposed injury; and should it be realized, she is satisfied with one—she knows she does not deserve it! In the absence of evil she invariably argues good.

Of her own conduct she is scrupulously guarded and rigidly exact. She remembers the language of a modern writer, "that virtue in general is not to feel, but to do—not merely to conceive a purpose, but to carry that purpose into execution—not merely to be overpowered by the impression of a sentiment, but to practise what she loves, and to imitate what it admires;" and thus loving and beloved, she progresses through the various stages of

life, ornamenting all its interesting relations, and bestrewing the path of duty with flowers of sweetest fragrance: she closes her brilliant and beauteous course, by gathering her duties together as a never-fading bouquet of flowers, binds them with her amiability, and bequeathes them to posterity; then full-orbed, she sinks beneath the serene and expansive horizon.

"Death steals but to renew with bloom
The life that triumphs o'er the tomb:
She died not, but hath flown.
Live, live above! all beauties here:
What art thou in another sphere—
An angel in their own?"

BE KIND TO THE BEGGAR.

Be kind to the beggar
You meet by the way,
Whose cheeks are all furrowed,
Whose hair is turned gray;
For once he was happy
As mortal could be;
From life's wasting cares he
Was perfectly free.

O'er joys fell a shadow:
His children so dear
In the dark valley slumber,
And his wife lies near;
His cottage, where flowers
Bloomed brightly around,
In the depth of the winter
Was burned to the ground.

Now houseless and friendless
He begs in the streets,
Soliciting pennies
From all that he meets.
With grief in his bosom,
A tear in his eye,
O, give to the pilgrim
Who's now passing by.

Ye know not the future,—
Perhaps you may be,
When aged and furrowed,
As friendless as he;
Then give to the beggar
A trifle to-day,
And smile on him kindly
As he travels away.

Your Maker, who looketh
At every good deed,
Will not let you suffer
If ever in need;
But true friends will gather
Around you to bless,—
Your wants to supply, or
Your temples to press.

Then give to the needy,—
Give all you can spare;
Give food for the body,
And raiment to wear;
And God, your kind Father,
Will bless from his throne;—
Such children he always
Delighteth to own.

GIVE AS GOD HATH GIVEN THEE.

GIVE as God hath given thee, With a bounty full and free; If he hath, with liberal hand, Given wealth to thy command, For the fulness of thy store, Give thy needy brother more.

If the lot His love doth give
Is by earnest toil to live,
If with nerve and sinew strong
Thou dost labor hard and long,
Then, e'en from thy slender store,
Give, and God shall give thee more.

Hearts there are with grief oppressed; Forms in tattered raiment dressed; Homes where want and woe abide; Dens where vice and misery hide; With a bounty large and free, Give, as God hath given thee.

Wealth is thine to aid and bless, Strength to succor and redress: Bear thy weaker brother's part, Strong of hand, and strong of heart; Be thy portion large or small, Give, for God doth give thee all.

"WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?"

Thy neighbor?—it is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless;
Whose aching heart, or burning brow,
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbor? — 'tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim,
Whom hunger sends from door to door —
Go, thou, and succor him.

Thy neighbor? — 'tis that weary man,
Whose year's are at their brim,
Bent low with sickness, cares, and pain —
Go, thou, and comfort him.

Thy neighbor? — 'tis the heart bereft Of every earthly gem; — Widow and orphan, helpless left — Go, thou, and shelter them.

Where'er thou meet'st a human form Less favored than thy own, Remember, 'tis thy neighbor worm, Thy brother or thy son.

O, pass not, pass not heedless by;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
The breaking heart from misery—
Go, share thy lot with him.

THE ABUSE OF FICTION.

One's indignation is excited at the immoral tendency of such lessons to young readers,-John Foster,

To abuse the imagination is to abuse the most delicate and susceptible of the mental faculties; for it is the common parent of the beautiful and true, as also of the vicious and corrupt. Every action, whatever may be its moral quality, is first preceded by the conception and meditation of it. And out of the heart "are the issues of life."

Works of fiction are addressed to the imagination. To excite and please this faculty are the objects which they propose to accomplish. They must awaken and gratify it, or they are failures. And a book which neither interests nor pleases is a very harmless affair.

Fiction has its uses and its abuses. Its uses are of a high and commanding order. Great truths, important lessons, and pleasing entertainment, are often rendered the most attractive and beneficial, when arrayed in its garb. Poetry, sentiment, and philosophy, have been immeasurably indebted to its magic power. But it is not of its uses that we now propose to speak.

Of the abuses to which fiction has been prostituted, the present age affords a startling number and variety of illustrations. These abuses have been made to assume the form of biography, history, of the drama, of the novel and romance. No department of literature has entirely escaped. But the novel and romance are the vehicles most frequently employed. Under these forms, the prolific press has, within a few years, poured forth a stream of corrupt literature, which, it is no exaggeration to say, seriously threatens the foundations of morality and religion.

The attention of the public has been directed to the dangerous character and tendency of these works, by men of sound sense and acknowledged authority. The public, upon subjects of this nature, is not so much censurable for slowness in perception, as for slowness in action. No one, were he to consult his reason and belief, would object to the establishment of a censorship so severe that it would amount to an annihilation of immoral books; but to admit that there was a necessity for such a censorship, or an occasion for serious apprehension, might require longer reflection and a more careful observation. Between the cause and the effect there is a space, which, at first glance, seems to be occupied by conjectures and doubts; which conjectures and doubts experience and investigation may perhaps alone dissipate and remove. Nevertheless it would appear to be no difficult task to show

that the connection between them is of the most intimate and indissoluble nature; that, the existence of the cause being admitted, the certain sequence of the effect cannot be denied.

Let us, then, for a moment, consider the effect of fiction upon the intellect.

To form and fashion images, ideas, and fancies from the conceptions of the mind, is the peculiar and legitimate office of the imagination. It is with conceptions, therefore, that the imagination has to deal. And what are conceptions? As defined by philosophers, they are the sensations and perceptions suggested to or awakened in the mind, by the presence of external objects and scenes, and by the recalling of past objects and events. According to the character of these objects and events will be the character of the conceptions. If the objects be real, so will be the conceptions; and vice versa. In the one case, the imagination is employed with what is actual, probable, or possible; in the other, with what is fanciful, impossible, and visionary.

Now, of itself, and by its own nature, the imagination is the most active of the mental faculties. Less than any other one does it require a stimulant to its exercise; more than any other does it require restraint. In childhood, it peoples the darkness with phantoms, fairies, and ghosts; in youth, it fills the future with bright visions of promise and enjoyment, and gilds the rugged pathway of life with its magic and dazzling light. Even mature age is

oftener led astray by this faculty than by all others. Bishop Butler, whose studies brought him to investigate its pernicious influence on the reasonings of his contemporaries and predecessors in morals and religion, passed upon it a severe sentence of unqualified censure: "We are accustomed, from our youth up, to indulge that forward, delusive faculty, ever obtruding beyond its sphere; of some assistance, indeed, to apprehension, but the author of all error."

Not only is it the most active of the mental powers, but it is the most independent also. greater or less extent, it controls, influences, and quickens each of the other faculties; but it is itself, or it may be, wholly independent of the control of each and all of the others. It can even induce the mind to question, set aside, and wholly disbelieve the evidence of the senses, the most positive and tangible of all proof. It attests its marvellous power in the watches of the night, when, seizing the helm, it hurries the mind through regions of the wildest improbability and conjecture; at a single leap, passes from meditation to conclusion, from earth to heaven; and scorning all barriers of time and space, whirls the intellect, captive and powerless, from one extreme of the universe to the other; nor leaves it, until, trembling and affrighted, it bursts from its control with a quivering shock, unable longer to support the fierce and unnatural excitement. displays its terrible ascendency the most fearfully, when, by sufferance or misfortune, it has at length acquired despotic control over the waking thoughts and faculties; when it has conquered reason and sports with realities; when it has transformed a noble intelligence into a drivelling idiot; a manly and ambitious aspirant into a silly and wavering gazer; a generous enthusiast into a raving and furious maniac.

To this ever-active, bold, and restless faculty, fiction - itself the creation of imagination - addresses itself. The natural tendency to a constant and controlling exercise is thus increased by the appliance of a most powerful stimulant. It is as though the morbidly nervous man should surrender himself to the influence of opiates and narcotics; as though the slave of appetite should be furnished with the means of gratifying all the senses; as though the victorious warrior should discover new enemies and new provocations. The natural order of the faculties is inverted. Reason, which should be the guide, becomes the slave of the fancy; and the throne of calm judgment is usurped by credulous enthusiasm. Lost in a chaos of reveries, the mind no longer performs its high functions; figments are mistaken for facts; conjectures become certainties; hopes assume the form of expectations; dreams and chimeras receive the consideration due to actual The natural and legitimate connection between means and ends dissolves into an absurd and irrational one; labor, industry, and application are abandoned for the contemplation of chance,

accident, or some happy casualty; the attainable objects of a worthy ambition are overlooked and despised, and the energies of the mind are wasted in attempting unattainable and fanciful results.

Such are some of the effects which fiction produces on the intellect. These results are by no means all that would admit of an enumeration in detail. Yet they are what seem to be the more general and noticeable effects. A mere outline sketch has been drawn, which, in the filling up, might be made to assume a force and vividness of expression which would at once be recognized, and which could not fail of being remembered. For this purpose, illustrations must be adduced. History abounds in them. Observation, such observation as the most careless practise, will have noted them. The deplorable effects in degree may not have been observed; but the same effects in kind. It is not of the degree of the effect of fiction on the intellect that we have remarked, but of the kind. This last must depend upon the nature of the intellectual faculties, and upon the attributes of fiction; the former, upon the extent of the abuse, and the amount of the indulgence.

Debasing fiction not only affects the intellect, but produces more lamentable and serious consequences on the moral nature; and so intimate is the connection which exists between these component parts of the human mind, that one cannot be affected, for better or worse, without affecting the other.

POETICAL PORTRAITS.

SHAKSPEARE.

His was the wizard spell
The spirit to enchain;
His grasp o'er Nature fell,
Creation owned his reign.

MILTON.

His spirit was the home
Of aspiration high!
A temple, whose huge dome
Was hidden in the sky.

THOMSON.

The Seasons, as they roll,
Shall bear thy name along,
And, graven on the soul
Of Nature, live thy song.

GRAY.

Soaring on pinions proud,
The lightnings of his eye
Scar the black thunder-cloud,
He passes swiftly by.

BURNS.

He seized his country's lyre,
With ardent grasp and strong,
And made his soul of fire
Dissolve itself in song.

SOUTHEY.

'Where Necromancy flings
O'er Eastern lands her spell,
Sustained on Fable's wings,
His spirit loves to dwell.

COLERIDGE.

Magician, whose dread spell,
Working in pale moonlight,
From superstition's cell
Invokes each satellite!

WORDSWORTH.

He hung his harp upon
Philosophy's pure shrine;
And, placed by Nature's throne,
Composed each placid line.

CAMPBELL.

With all that Nature's fire
Can lend to polished art,
He strikes his graceful lyre
To thrill or warm the heart.

SCOTT.

He sings, and lo! Romance
Starts from its mouldering urn,
While Chivalry's bright lance
And nodding plumes return.

WILSON.

His strains like holy hymn
Upon the ear doth float,
Or voice of cherubim
In mountain vale remote.

HEMANS.

To bid the big tear start
Unchallenged from its shrine,
And thrill the quivering heart
With pity's voice, are thine.

SHELLEY.

A solitary rock
In a far distant sea,
Rent by the thunder's shock,
An emblem stands of thee!

HOGG.

Clothed in the rainbow's beam,
'Mid strath and pastoral glen,
He sees the fairies gleam
Far from the haunts of men.

BYRON.

Black clouds his forehead bound, And at his feet were flowers: Mirth, madness, magic found In him their keenest powers.

MOORE.

Crowned with perennial flowers, By wit and genius wove, He wanders through the bowers Of fancy and of love.

POETRY EVERY WHERE.

THERE'S poetry among the rocks,
Upon the cloud-capt mountains:
There's music in each tiny rill
That flows from springing fountains.
And all is poetry divine,
And all is wondrous fair,
For He who built the heavenly dome
Is always present there.

There's poetry in the deep vale,
Where the mineral water gushes,
And the crimson flowers in sunny bowers
Reflect the morning blushes.

And there, in silence and in shade,
Nature is passing fair;
For He who made the beauteous world
Is always present there.

The forest is all poetry,
Where the honey bees are singing,
And the golden spider his bower of love,
'Neath the green branch, is spinning.
And the rosy morn and purple eve
The umbrageous herbage share,
For He who lit the soft, pale moon,
Is always present there.

There's poetry on the deep sea,

Where the mountain waves are roaring;
And the young billows clap their hands,
Rejoicing and adoring.
And the phosph'rous sea and ocean's caves
Are in their nature fair;
For He who made the mighty winds
Is always present there.

There's poetry in the dark clouds,
Where the chain-lightning's flaming;
And the thunder's voice is heard aloud,
Its Maker's power proclaiming.
But o'er those clouds, and in that sky,
All shines divinely fair;
For He who forged the thundrous bolt
Is always present there.

There's poetry among the winds, Where they kiss the spring's first flowers;

POETRY EVERY WHERE.

And sleep on beauty's breast divine
In love's young rosy bowers.
And all the bowers of love and spring
Are beautiful and fair;
For He who is the life of life
Is always present there.

There's poetry among the stars,
That gem the azure sky;
Although with borrowed light they shine,
Reflected from His eye.
There's poetry above the stars,
Poesy's heavenly throne;
Fountain of fountains — light of life,
Music and love's own home,
And all above and all below
Is poetry sublime!
Stamped with the eternal mystic seal —
The hand that is divine.

AN ALLEGORY.

For a long time my mind had been severely exercised, with a view of my own situation as a professed disciple of Christ, and also that of the Christian church. I had been casting about me to see if I could discover the cause of this sad declension in religious interest.

With my mind agitated and distressed, I fell into a disturbed slumber. I dreamed that I was in great distress of mind, on account of my exceeding sinfulness. It seemed as if no man had ever done so many bad things as I had, and that it was not possible that I could be forgiven. In this situation, I thought I passed some days and nights without once supposing these feelings arose from a conviction of sin. At length, in all the bitterness of spirit, I voluntarily exclaimed, "O, wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" I felt as if my sins verily clung to me, a loathsome, dead weight. At this moment of despondency, and almost of despair, a Being appeared, of infinite beauty and surpassing loveliness, and with tones which reached my inmost soul, said, "Take my voke upon you, which is easy, and my

burden, which is light." Yes, exclaimed I, any thing for a change; and immediately my burden was gone, and I seemed to be clothed in a beautiful white robe, which hung loosely and gracefully over my shoulders, reaching to the ground. Keep this garment unspotted from the world, said he, and you will find it all you need.

What, thought I, do you call this a yoke, this a burden? Why, it seems as if I could fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, or soar to heaven. My vision seemed also to have undergone a change. How lovely every thing appeared! Nature wore a smile I had never seen before, and all upon which my eye rested was clothed with loveliness. Thus things remained for some days, my mind being occupied wholly with what had transpired, and in viewing the changed appearance of all around.

At length I observed there were recesses in this garment, and thrusting my hand into one of them, I found it contained scrolls or parchments. I drew one forth; it read thus: "Love the Lord thy God with all thy might, mind, and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself." I do, I do, was the quick response of my heart. It really seemed that I loved every body and every thing. I drew forth another, upon which was written, "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you." Upon another, "Deal justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with God." Upon another, "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof, and the cattle upon

a thousand hills. The silver and gold are mine," saith the Lord. Another read, "Do whatsoever your hands find to do with your might." Another, "Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed in your spirit and in the image of your mind." Another, as I took it from my pocket, seemed to illumine the place where I stood, and I could observe the smallest obstruction in the way of my advancing. I cast my eye upon it, and read these words: "A lamp to your feet and a light to your path." A useful thing, indeed, thought I. I had by this time become much interested, as you may well suppose, and I looked with increasing desire for more scrolls. I found them in great abundance. "Visit the widow and fatherless in their afflictions," the sick and imprisoned of whatever character. Relieve the poor and destitute, whom you always have with you. Break the chain of the bondman, and let the captive go free. "Be diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." These are strange documents, said I within myself; but I have been so much relieved by losing my burden, I will try what I can. At this juncture I discovered on another parchment, "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth liberally and upbraideth not," which strengthened my resolution to go forward. I thought every thing went on well for some time. It appeared that my work was easier. I had an abundance of time and opportunity to do good, and

means to do it with; and it seemed to me that I should never know any feelings or desires but these. O, how I could plead with sinners to flee from the wrath to come, to embrace Christ, and try his voke and burden! How fervently could I pray that the poor slave, who had been so long and so unjustly trodden down, might rise with his mind illumined by the truths of God's word, and be permitted and enabled to cast off the double yoke of slavery to man and the devil. How eagerly did I engage in scattering far and wide those (Olive?) leaves which are for the healing of the nations, and how agonizingly did I beseech the God of Peace to hasten the time when nations should learn war no more! In mingling again with the world, I observed that as different persons passed me, they cast a glance at my dress and smiled; but I supposed it to be the smile of complacency at its perfect plainness, its adaptation to my wants, and the ease with which it was worn. I felt to pity those who seemed to be cramped in their motions by dresses of a different kind, and upon which I looked with perfect disgust. After a while, some kind friends, as I thought them, ventured to suggest that there might be some improvement made in my exterior which would make me appear to better advantage, and even increase my influence and means of doing good, as by so doing I should be able to come at an entirely different class of men.

The more they said, and the more I thought of

it, the more I felt inclined to believe that what thev said might be true. And in looking to see how my appearance differed from others, the first thing I noticed was the extreme straightness of my dress; it was made, as I thought, with ample folds, but still seemed almost to cling to my person. Here, thought I, is a chance for improvement; if I can get this robe to stand out a little from me, I shall certainly be situated to advance at a more rapid rate. I was not long in finding means to accomplish this object. This being done, I sat down, as was my custom daily, to look over my scrolls; and the first I put my hands upon was the one containing the words, "Be not conformed to the world," &c. I was somewhat startled at seeing this, for I felt guilty; but this soon wore off, and on the whole-I was pleased with the improvement. The next thing proposed, and which I fell in with more readily than the first, was a something around the lower part of my dress. I think it was called a flounce, at first a rather modest affair, but ere long increased to two or three of very immoderate width and fulness; and strange as it may seem, I selected them, as I dreamed, of the very color of my former sins, namely, scarlet. Much pleased with my improved appearance, I wandered forth to see and be seen new business, to be sure, for me. I came to a place where I had spent many happy hours in perusing my scrolls, and asking wisdom of God; and was reminded by what I saw, that I had not of late

studied my papers much, and to quiet conscience, I thought I would then spend a little time in these duties. I took from my pocket the scroll which had formerly cast so much light on my path; but O, how changed! Its radiance seemed to be dimmed with the lustre of my flounces, and the light it did cast was indistinct. I recollected now, for the first time, that my feet for a time had occasionally tripped, and now, in endeavoring to get sight at them, I found my robe so full and flowing that it was impossible to see them; but one thing I did discover, which was, that my robe was entirely gone up to my flounces. I thought this somewhat singular; but the dazzling appearance of my trimmings soon divested me of my anxiety, and as for the scroll, I made up my mind it would be of no further use to me, and I cast it away. Soon I perceived the remainder of my robe had become somewhat spotted and soiled, and besides did not become me so well, I thought, as would one of a greater variety and more fanciful colors. Not willing as yet to lose sight of the whole of it, I obtained a covering for a part, and left the upper part as it originally was made. To my astonishment I perceived that so fast as I added any thing by way of improvement, just so fast the original vanished. Determined to save what little remained, I purchased the most beautiful and costly gold pin I could obtain, thinking to secure what remained of my robe by pinning it closely with this article; and more, my eyes had

been somewhat dazzled with seeing these same things worn to advantage in the bosoms of others. But no sooner did I attempt to insert it, than, to my perfect surprise, the little which remained of my robe vanished entirely; and there I was, my scrolls gone, and my dress completely metamorphosed.

I immediately sat about finding some article to make up the loss; and looking out for a place where I might purchase something appropriate, I observed a flaming handbill, on which was printed, in large letters, "Clothing for the Million." I soon succeeded in supplying myself with what I thought I needed, and among others I was shown some splendid gold rings, with which I thought I filled my fingers. After surveying myself, at full length, in a large mirror suspended for that purpose, not a little pleased with my improved appearance, I started for my shop. Every person I met seemed to admire my uniform. Among them I noticed the nobility, and those of all ranks and stations. I met a lawyer, there a doctor, there a minister, and there a merchant, and found my appearance corresponded with theirs most perfectly, except that my cravat was tied in a double knot, and I noticed that that of my beloved pastor was tied with a single one - so much had he been in advance of me in getting the latest fashion. Delighted, I engaged afresh in the business of life. I was prospered in basket and in store. It seemed now as if meetings for the worship of God multiplied, while I had less time to attend them. The calls upon my benevolence were more frequent, and although I had abundant means, I felt disposed to hold on upon them. The prison seemed never so full of occupants. The list of sick seemed swollen almost to embrace a good part of the population. Wars and rumors of wars were rife; but what cared I how many were made widows and orphans by this most inhuman butchery, if it but increased my gains?

As this state of things progressed, I found myself more and more anxious to obtain riches and pleasures; and in proportion as I succeeded did my anxiety increase, lest in some way I should lose. My former peace of mind was gone. I was harassed by day and by night. My situation at length became more insupportable than when, in bitterness of spirit, I formerly cried for relief. In awful agitation, while fumbling in my pockets for I know not what, something I encountered seemed familiar to my touch. I drew it forth, and judge my surprise when I beheld a scroll like unto those I had formerly perused with so much delight. How it came there, I never knew. It was like the countenance of an old and tried friend. I opened it, and in it were these words: "Return to the Lord, who will have mercy, and to our God, who will abundantly pardon." Return! I exclaimed, without waiting to finish the sentence. Yes! that is the word: and thus I continued to shout until I aroused myself from my slumbers, and behold - was it all a dream?

CLINGING TO EARTH.

O, no not let me die! The earth is bright,
And I am earthly, so I love it well;
Though heaven is holier, all replete with light,
Yet I am frail, and with frail things would dwell.

I cannot die! The flowers of earthly love
Shed their rich fragrance on a kindred heart;
There may be purer, brighter flowers above,
Yet with these ones 'twould be too hard to part.

I dream of heaven, and well I love these dreams; They scatter sunlight on my varying way; But 'mid the clouds of earth are priceless gleams Of brightness, and on earth O let me stay.

It is not that my lot is void of gloom,

That sadness never circles round my heart,

Nor that I fear the darkness of the tomb,

That I would never from the earth depart.

'Tis that I love the world — its cares, its sorrows,
Its bounding hopes, its feelings fresh and warm,
Each cloud it wears, and every light it borrows,
Loves, wishes, fears, the sunshine and the storm.

I love them all; but closer still the loving
Twine with my being's cords, and make my life;
And while within this sunlight I am moving,
I well can bide the storms of worldly strife.

Then do not let me die! for earth is bright,
And I am earthly, so I love it well:
Heaven is a land of holiness and light,
But I am frail, and with the frail would dwell.

AV S.

ASPIRING TO HEAVEN.

YES, let me die! Am I of spirit-birth,
And shall I linger here where spirits fell,
Loving the stain they cast on all of earth?
O, make me pure, with pure ones e'er to dwell!

'Tis sweet to die! The flowers of earthly love (Fair, frail, spring blossoms) early droop and die; But all their fragrance is exhaled above, Upon our spirits evermore to lie.

Life is a dream, a bright but fleeting dream,
I can but love; but then my soul awakes,
And from the mist of earthliness a gleam
Of heavenly light, of truth immortal, breaks.

I shrink not from the shadows sorrow flings
Across my pathway; nor from cares that rise
In every footprint; for each shadow brings
Sunshine and rainbow as it glooms and flies.

But heaven is dearer. There I have my treasure;
There angels fold in love their snowy wings;
There sainted lips chant in celestial measure,
And spirit fingers stray o'er heaven-wrought strings.

There loving eyes are to the portals straying;
There arms extend, a wanderer to fold;
There waits a dearer, holier One, arraying
His own in spotless robes and crowns of gold.

Then let me die. My spirit longs for heaven, In that pure bosom evermore to rest; But, if to labor longer here be given, "Father, thy will be done!" and I am blest.

MY BIRD.

E'er last year's moon had left the sky,
A birdling sought my Indian nest,
And folded, O, so lovingly!
Her tiny wings upon my breast.

From morn till evening's purple tinge, In winsome helplessness she lies; Two rose leaves, with a silken fringe, Shut softly on her starry eyes.

There's not in Ind a lovelier bird;
Broad earth owns not a happier nest;
O God, thou hast a fountain stirred,
Whose waters never more shall rest!

This beautiful, mysterious thing,
This seeming visitant from heaven,
This bird with the immortal wing,
To me, to me, thy hand has given.

The pulse first caught its tiny stroke,

The blood its crimson hue, from mine:—
This life, which I have dared invoke,

Henceforth is parallel with thine.

Doubts, hopes, in eager tumult rise;
Hear, O my God! one earnest prayer:
Room for my bird in Paradise,
And give her angel plumage there!

TO MRS. JUDSON.

SUGGESTED BY HER POEM "MY BIRD,"

And does thy bird, so loved, so fair,
Still with its presence bless thy home?
Then thou indeed, most happy there,
For earthly joys need'st never roam.

But ah! a bird as fair as thine —
And fairer earth hath never known —
I once could call, with fondness, mine;
But now, alas! that bird hath flown.

O long, full long, mayst thou be spared
The anguish that my heart doth know,
And with glad songs may thy sweet bird
Cheer thee wherever thou shalt go.

And as it learns, when thou art lone,
To charm thee with its sweetest lays,
Then thou canst teach that infant voice
To soar to heaven in grateful praise.

And O, did not old "ocean roll"

Between thy happy home and mine,
I'd hasten to thy Indian cot,
And share thy joys — yes, even thine!

I'd woo that little bird to me,
And fold it to my throbbing breast,
And there in safety might it lie,
Where late my own was all so blest.

Say, when at night thy "birdling" fair
Doth fold its tiny wings to rest,
Wilt thou not crave, in secret prayer,
Blessings on this deserted nest?

MRS. JUDSON'S BURIAL AT ST. HELENA.

MOURNFULLY, tenderly,
Bear onward the dead,
Where the warrior has lain,
Let the Christian be laid;
No place more befitting,
O Rock of the sea!
Never such treasure
Was hidden in thee.

Mournfully, tenderly,
Solemn and slow,—
Tears are bedewing
The path as ye go;
Kindred and strangers
Are mourners to-day;
Gently—so, gently,
O, bear her away.

Mournfully, tenderly,
Gaze on that brow;
Beautiful is it
In quietude now;
One look! and then settle
The loved to her rest,
The ocean beneath her,
The turf on her breast.

So have ye buried her —
Up! and depart
To life and to duty
With undismayed heart:
Fear not — for the love
Of the stranger will keep
The casket that lies
In the Rock of the deep.

Peace! peace to thy bosom,
Thou servant of God!
The vale thou art treading
Thou hast before trod;
Precious dust thou hast laid
By the Hopia tree,
And treasure as precious
In the Rock of the sea.

EARLY PIETY.

Ecclesiastes, xii. 1

O, come, pluck sweet flowers
In life's earliest hours,
Entwine a bright wreath for thy brow;
That their fragrance may last
When thy skies are o'ercast,
Their perfume around thy path throw.

When thy young eye is bright,
When thy spirits are light,
Go, gather the sweet flowers of love;
Let meekness and truth
Be the flowers of thy youth,
And that kindness which comes from above.

Let wisdom direct
Thy young hand to select
Those flowerets which never decay;
Let faith and hope bind
A bouquet for the mind,
Fading not in life's wintry day.

Let the pages of truth
Fill thy memory, in youth,
With their precepts and lessons sublime;
With a peace-loving mind,
With good will to mankind,
Those jewels untarnished by time.

TO MY SISTER WITH A BIBLE.

My sister,
The Bible.
God's holy word,
Which he to sinful man has given;
Bright morning star,
The only star
To point the wanderer home to Heaven.

My sister,
The Bible.
The only mirror

Which shows to man his base behavior
To Him who died,
The crucified,

But now the great — the risen Savior.

My sister,
The Bible.
A brother's gift;
A gift to prize above all others;
It gives you light,
It brings you life,
It brings you love beyond a brother's.

My sister,
The Bible.
O, prize it well;
'Tis heaven's chart to guide you home
To worlds of light,
Where, robed in white,
The Savior, smiling, bids you come.

TIME.

As swift as a river, Our time passes on; And sooner or later, Its streams will be gone. How lovely the budding Of life's early morn! How sad are the feelings When pleasures are gone! But time, in its fleetness, Runs smooth over me: Why should I repine, then, Who am joyful and free? But death, in its darkness, Comes onward at last, And sooner or later Its stream will be past. How pleasant the parting, Life's drama played well, How joyful the feelings, Which words cannot tell ! Then let us be joyful, And glad let us be, Till death, in its darkness. Shall set us all free!

HAPPINESS.

ALL who enter on the world are in pursuit of happiness. Each one questions of another where it is; or fancies he perceives it from afar; but very few confess that they have found it. The young, starting into life with sanguine hopes and spirits gay, expect it every where: the more experienced, having sought it long and found it not, decide that it is nowhere. The moralist tells us there is no such thing; and the historian almost proves it by the miseries he details. Poverty says, "It is not with me;" and Wealth says, "Not with me." Splendor dashes by the cottage door, heaves the rich jewel on her bosom with a sigh, and says that the dwellers there are happier than she is. Penury looks out upon her as she passes, loathes her own portion, and silently envies what she must not share. Ignorance, with dazzled and misjudging eye, admires the learned, and esteems them happy. Learning decides that "ignorance is bliss," and bewails the enlargement of capacity it cannot find enough to fill. Wherever we ask, the answer is still, "Seek farther." Is it so, then, that there is no happiness on earth? Or if it does exist, is it a thing of circumstance, confined to certain states, dependent on rank and station; here to-day and gone to-morrow; in miserable dependence on the casualties of life? We are often asked the question by those by whom the world is yet untried, who, even in the spring-time of their mirth, are used to hear the complaints of all around them; and well may wonder what they mean. We affect not to answer questions which never yet were answered; but we can tell a story of something that our ear has heard, and our eye has seen, and that many besides can testify to be the truth.

Distant something more than a mile from the village of Desford, in Leicestershire, at the lower extremity of a steep and rugged lane, was seen an obscure and melancholy hovel. The door stood not wide to invite observation; the cheerful fire gleamed not through the casement to excite attention from the passenger. The low roof and outer wall were but just perceived among the branches of the hedgerow, uncultured and untrimmed, that ran between it and the road. As if there were nothing there that any one might seek, no way of access presented itself; and the step of curiosity that would persist in finding entrance, must pass over mud and briers to obtain it. Having reached the door with difficulty, a sight presented itself such as the eye of delicacy is not used to look upon. It was not the gay contentedness of peasant life, that poets tell of, and prosperity sometimes stoops to envy.

It was not the laborer resting from his toil, the ruddy child exulting in its hard, scant meal, the housewife singing blithely at her wheel, the repose of health and fearlessness — pictures that so often persuade us Happiness has her dwelling in the cabins of the poor.

The room was dark and dirty; there was nothing on the walls but the bare beams, too ill joined to exclude the weather, with crevices in vain attempted to be stopped by torn and moulded paper. few broken utensils hung about the room: a tablé and some broken chairs were all the furniture, except what seemed intended for a bed, yet promised little repose. The close and smoky atmosphere of the apartment gave to it the last coloring of discomfort and disease. Within there sat a figure such as the pencil well might choose for the portrait of wretchedness. Quite gray, and very old, and scarcely clothed, a woman was seen sitting by the fireplace, seemingly unconscious of all that passed around her. Her features were remarkably large, and in expression harsh: her white hair, turned back from the forehead, hung uncombed from her shoulders: her withered arm, stretched without emotion on her knee, in form and coloring seemed nothing that had lived; her eye was fixed on the wall before her - an expression of suffering, and a faint movement of the lip, alone giving token of existence.

Placed with her back towards the door, she per-

ceived not the intrusion, and while I paused to listen and to gaze, I might have determined that here at least was a spot where happiness could not dwell; one being, at least, to whom enjoyment upon earth must be forbidden by external circumstance — with whom to live was of necessity to be wretched. Well might the listener in such a scene as this be startled by expressions of delight, strangely contrasted with the murmurs we are used to hear amidst the world's abundance. But it was even so. From the pale, shrivelled lips of this poor woman we heard a whispering expression of enjoyment, scarcely articulate, yet not so low but that we could distinguish the words "delightful," "happy."

As we advanced with the hesitation of disgust into the unsightly hovel, the old woman looked at us with kindness, but without emotion, bade us be seated, and, till questioned, showed very little inclination to speak. Being asked how she did, she at first replied, "Very ill;" then hastily added, "My body is ill - but I am well, very well." And then she laid her head upon a cold, black stone, projecting from the wall beside the fireplace, as if unable to support it longer. We remarked that it was bad weather. "Yes," she answered—then hastily correcting herself, "No, not bad - it is God Almighty's weather, and cannot be bad." "Are you in pain?" we asked - a question scarcely necessary, so plainly did her movements betray it. "Yes, always in pain - but not such pain as my Savior

suffered for me; his pain was far worse than mine — mine is nothing to it." Some remark being made on the wretchedness of her dwelling, her stern features almost relaxed into a smile, and she said she did not think it so; and wished us all as happy as herself.

As she showed little disposition to talk, and never made any remark till asked for it, and then in words as few and simple as might express her meaning, it was slowly and by repeated questions that we could draw from her a simple tale. Being asked if that was all the bed she had on which to sleep, she said she seldom slept, and it was now a long time since she had been able to undress herself; but it was on that straw she passed the night. We asked her if the night seemed not very long. "No - not long," she answered - "never long. I think of God all night; and, when the cock crows, am surprised that the morning has come so soon." "And the days you sit here all day, in pain and unable to move are the days not long?" "How can they be long? Is not He with me? Is it not all up-up?" an expression she often made use of to describe the joyful elevation of her mind. On saying she passed much time in prayer, she was asked what she prayed for? To this she always answered, "O, to go, you know - to go - when He pleases; not till He pleases." To express the facility she found in prayer, she once said, it seemed as if her prayers were all laid out ready for her in bed. But time

would fail us to repeat the words, brief as they were, in which this aged saint expressed her gratitude to the Savior who died for her; her enjoyment of the God who abode with her; her expectations of the heaven to which she was hasting, and perfect contentedness with her earthly portion. It proved, on inquiry, to be worse than it appeared. The outline of her history, as gathered at different times from her own lips, was this:—

Her husband's name was Peg; her own, Mary: she had long been remembered in the village, as living in extreme poverty, going about to beg bacon at Christmas-time. Her youth had been passed in services of various kinds; and though she did not know her age, it appeared, from public events which she remembered to have passed when she was a girl, that she could not be less than eighty. Later in life she had kept sheep upon the forest hills, and, in the simplicity of her heart would speak of her days of prosperity, when she had two sheep of her She could not read, but from attending divine service had become familiar with the language of Scripture. We know nothing of her previous character: that of her husband and family was very bad: but we are not informed that hers was so. The first earnest religious feeling she related of herself, was felt when walking alone in the fields; she bethought herself of her hard fate - a youth of toil, an old age of want and misery - and if she must be miserable at last, how dreadful was her portion! Struck with the appalling thought, she knelt down beneath the hedge to pray—the first time, perhaps, that heart-felt and earnest prayer had gone up to heaven from her lips.

Not very long after this, as we understood, the old woman was taken ill, and unable to move from the straw, at that time her only bed, in a loft over the apartment we have described; where, little sheltered by the broken roof, and less by the rags that scarcely covered her, she lay exposed to the inclemencies of the weather, without money to support, or a friend to comfort her. It was in this situation that her mind, dwelling probably on things that in health passed by her unregarded, received the strong and lasting impression of a vision she thought she beheld, probably in a dream; though she herself believed she was waking. In idea she saw the broad road and the narrow, as described in Scripture. In the broad road, to use her own expressions, there were many walking; it was smooth and pleasant, and they got on fast; but the end of it was dark. On the narrow road she herself was treading, and some few others; but the way was rugged: some turned back, and others sat down, unable to proceed. She herself advanced till she reached a place more beautiful, she said, than any thing to which she could compare it. When asked what it was like, she could not say, but that it was very bright, and that there were many sitting there. Being questioned who these were, she said they

were like men and women, but larger and far more beautiful, and all dressed in "glitterings;"—such was her expression;—and one was more beautiful than the rest, whom she knew to be the Savior, because of his readiness and kindness in receiving her. But the most pleasing impression seemed to be left by the hallelujahs this company were singing. She was told by Him she knew to be the Savior, that she must go back for a little time, and then should come again to dwell with them forever.

Thus ended her vision; but not so the impression it made. The recollection of the scene she had witnessed, and of the bliss that had been promised her, seemed to lead her to the source of all her hap-Turning her eye from earth to heaven, and fixing all her thoughts on that eternity to which she was hastening, it left her, not what she before had been, wretched on earth, and unmindful of any thing beyond; but with a heart deeply impressed with the love and mercy of God; fully and undoubtingly relying on her Savior's promise, and proving the reality of those feelings by earnest devotion, and most cheerful acquiescence in her Maker's will. It was not the fervor of a first impression - the enthusiasm of an excited imagination. She survived six or seven years, but time made no change in her feelings. She passed those years in the extreme of poverty, dependent on the alms of some few persons who knew and visited her: she passed them in pain and helplessness; mocked and ill treated by her

husband and her sons, and insulted often by her unfeeling neighbors, who came to laugh at her devotion and ridicule her hopes.

For these, as well as for some who visited her for kinder purposes, she had but one answer—she wished them all like her; prayed that they might only be as happy as herself. When told what she had seen was a mere dream and a delusion, she said it did not signify to tell her that—she had seen it, and it was the recollection of it that made her nights so short and her days so happy. "And what does it signify," she added, "that they swear at me, and tell me I am a foolish old woman—don't I know how happy I am?"

During the many years that she survived, the minister of the parish saw her frequently, and found little variation in her feelings, none in her firm adherence to the tale she at first had told; and the persuasion that what she had seen was a blessed reality, sufficient to make her happy in every extreme of earthly wretchedness. And he saw her die, as she had lived, in holy, calm, and confident reliance on her Savior's promises.

To what I have written, I could find much to add, having notes of all that passed during the protracted years of this devoted woman's life. But my purpose is not to make a story. I have witnessed only to what I saw, and repeated only what my ear has listened to. And I have repeated it but to prove that the happiness which all men seek, and most

complain they find not, has sometimes an abode where we should least expect to find it. This is an extreme case; extreme in mental enjoyment, as in external misery. But it is true. And if it be so, that a being debarred the most common comforts of life, almost of the light and air of heaven, suffering, and incapable even to clothe herself, or cleanse her unsightly dwelling, could yet pass years of so much happiness, that her warmest expression of gratitude to her benefactors was to wish them a portion as happy as her own, - what are we to say to those, who, amid the overflow of earthly good, make the wide world resound with their complainings? How are we to understand it, that, while blessings are showered around us as the summer rain, there is so little real happiness on earth? Because we seek it not aright - we seek it where it is not, in outward circumstance and external good, and neglect to seek it, where alone it dwells, in the close chambers of the bosom. We would have a happiness in time, independent of eternity; we would have it independent of the Being whose it is to give; and so we go forth, each one as best we may, to seek out the rich possession for ourselves. But disappointment attends every step in the pursuit of happiness, until we seek it where alone it can be found.

MUSINGS.

SPEAK gently

My name, when I rest with the dead;

Tread lightly

The turf that lies over my head:

Plant flowers,

To bloom o'er the place where I sleep,

And willows,

Whose branches shall over me weep.

O, come there,
When spring's gentle breezes do play,
And sing there —
Sing o'er me a low, mournful lay:
At evening,
When fragrance floats soft on the air,
Then kneel there,
And offer thy deep, fervent prayer.

Let me die
When the sun slowly sinks to his rest;
When his beams
Brightly play round his home in the west:
As softly
As fades daylight's last trembling ray,
So gently

My spirit would then pass away.

SPARGE ROSAS.

Sparge rosas: sprinkle roses—
Thus Venusia's minstrel taught—
Where each loving heart reposes,
Where its sweetest joys are sought.

Sparge rosas: scatter roses
Round the dancer's flying feet.
They are Venus' chosen symbol,
'Mid the halls where graces meet.

Sparge rosas: crown with roses
Every head at friendship's feast;
Type of silence — none discloses
What is uttered here, at least.

Sparge rosas: crown with roses
Maiden to the altar led;
Pure the wreath, amid her tresses,
As the heart her love shall wed.

Sparge rosas: sprinkle roses;
Be their sweetest odor shed—
Pledge of faithful, fond affection—
Round the sacred bridal bed.

Sparge rosas: sprinkle roses
All along the weary way;
Earth's a desert; scarce reposes
On its waste a kindly ray.

Sparge rosas: sprinkle roses;
Thorns enough spontaneous grow:
Comfort needeth cultivation;
Pain and hardship all shall know.

Sparge rosas: sprinkle roses,
Roses sweet of peace and love;
Hate and discord strive to banish,
Strive to good the race to move.

Sparge rosas: sprinkle roses
O'er the silvered brow of age;
Let the last of earth they witness
Be their life's serenest page.

Sparge rosas: sprinkle roses
O'er the corpse of tender age;
Sprinkle roses, now decaying,
O'er the seventy winters' sage.

Sparge rosas: sprinkle roses,
That dispel the mournful gloom
That around the spirit hovers,
As we gaze upon the tomb.

PASSING AWAY.

It is written on the rose,
In its glory's full array —
Read what those buds disclose —
"Passing away."

It is written on the skies
Of the soft blue summer day;
It is traced in sunset's dyes—

"Passing away."

It is written on the trees,
As their young leaves glistening play,
And on brighter things than these—
"Passing away."

It is written on the brow
Where the spirit's ardent ray
Lives, burns, and triumphs now—
"Passing away."

It is written on the heart—
Alas! that there decay
Should claim from love a part—
"Passing away."

Friends, friends!—O, shall we meet
In a land of purer day,
Where lovely things, and sweet,
Pass not away?

Shall we know each other's eyes,
And the thoughts that in them lay,
When the mingled sympathies —

"Passing away?"

O, if this may be so,
Speed, speed, thou closing day!
How blest, from earth's vain show
To pass away!

EVERGREENS.

When summer's sunny hues adorn Sky, forest, hill, and meadow, The foliage of the evergreens, In contrast, seems a shadow.

But when the tints of autumn have
Their sober reign asserted,
The landscape that cold shadow shows
Into a light converted.

Thus thoughts that frown upon our mirth Will smile upon our sorrow,

And many dark fears of to-day

May be bright hopes to-morrow.

WITHERED LEAVES.

How sad it is in autumn
To watch the flowers decay,
As one by one the faded leaves
Drop from the stalk away!
The breezes murmur plaintively
'Mid the branches of the trees,
Sighing a dirge-like melody
Over the withered leaves.

From the sapling to the oak-tree,
All, all their leaves must shed:
In the fields and in the gardens,
They are lying sear and dead.
O, pass them not unheeded,
But learn, while yet you may,
The sweetly solemn messages
They silently convey.

The heart knows many an autumn—
Its brightest hopes decay,
Like flowers that bloom in summer,
Then quickly pass away.
The lovely visions vanished,
O'er which the fond heart grieves—
The treasured ones departed—
These are our withered leaves.

PRETTY WOMEN.

I HAVE often wondered why there were no professed beauties now-a-days, while every past age can boast its Helens; our generation may number many pretty faces, but it is the only one among the thousands already counted, that produces no beauties whose name shall descend imperishably to the generations yet to come.

We cannot open a page of history that does not record the fame of some beauty; the Bible has its Rachel, — so lovely that twenty years of service were deemed a light fee for her affections; the world was lost for Cleopatra; the beautiful mistresses of the French kings ruled that world through the hearts of their imperial lovers; even down to the days of George IV. there has always been some lady whose charms have been more powerful than monarchs and prime ministers.

But I think the problem may be solved: it is the difference of dress,—costume does it all; revive the robings of by-gone ages, and you will revive all the beauty and the ugliness of those days. For there must have been a good deal of ugliness, other-

wise beauty would not have been so forcibly appreciated; had there been more pretty girls in the days of Troy, Helen would have had few suitors, and Ilium might have been standing yet. What I mean to say is this—in those times people dressed so unbecomingly, that unless their features were perfect, they were literally nothing; all the mirror graces which set off a mediocre person now were totally unavailable under that system of costume.

For instance, Helen must have worn a loose robe, a broad girdle, bare arms, sandals on her feet, and her hair bound back in those rich, magnificent braids, termed to this day "Grecian plaits."

But imagine for a moment all your acquaintances dressed in this way. Would not the majority be frightful? How few faces, how few complexions, could stand that banding back of the thick hair! how few forms would show well beneath the simple robe, without stays or stiff petticoats! how few feet would be endurable in sandals! how few arms would bear the noonday sun and the sharp winds, which would soon reduce them to the pattern and form of a washerwoman's!

Perhaps the Jewish costume of Rebecca and Rachel may have been a shade better; but here was the same exposure of neck and arms, with the additional disadvantage of a robe that showed a leg encased in hideous boots and hose, and that refused to sweep with Grecian amplitude round the limbs of the fair wearers.

Cleopatra, who is represented as being both dark and stout, could wear only the robes of white or purple, the heavy diadem, the strings of pearls that were the allotted garb of Egyptian princes. How dark and how uncomely must have been the majority of her countrywomen may be judged from the sensation she made.

The Roman ladies were famed for their stately carriage, and somewhat large but noble features; and when to these charms are added those of regularity, and delicacy, and beautiful coloring, no doubt their simple peu coquette style of dress was especially becoming to them; but without these latter qualifications how gaunt and coarse they must have appeared!

What can be more lovely than the figure of Agrippina—bending that stately head above the ashes of Germanicus? The robe falls in long sweeping folds; the bare arm, naked to the shoulder, supports the urn; the hair braided back, the smooth brow, the magnificent eye, in its large and lofty chamber; not a ribbon, not the gleaming of a jewel, breaks the calm outline or disturbs the severe unity. Perhaps among the circle of our acquaintance there are two or three women who would appear to advantage so attired!—but, O, how well for the dumpy and the scraggy "nez retrousse," and the "nez snub," that they fall upon better days!

As we descend the stream of time, the number

of celebrated beauties decreases; this we may attribute to the increasing knowledge of the art of dress; indifferent complexions, bad figures, irregular features, began to have something like fair play shown them; exigencies of person met with some assistance from costumes; and in the same degree as the plain women were made to appear less plain, were the beauties rendered less prominent, and the distance between the parties lessened.

Still we hear of some so strikingly lovely, as to be known to all the world by the fame of their eyes only; of these we may name Edith of the Swan Neck, so called from the brilliant whiteness of a skin capable of resisting the exposure to sun and wind, which tanned and freckled into frightfulness the queens and lofty ladies of those rude days; Rosamond the Fair - so fair that it was said of her, "None but a jealous and exasperated woman could have harmed her;" Beatrice Cenci, whose beauty makes one shudder, so mysterious seems the light in those large untroubled eyes, soon about to close beneath the pressure of so awful a fate: Lucrezia Borgia, an angel in face, a demon in heart; Mary of Scotland, whom "no man ever beheld without love," and some few others, until we reach that famous trio recorded in the letters of Horace Walpole, as the loveliest women of their time, the Misses Gunning.

One of these, the Duchess of Hamilton, was so renowned for her charms, that her fame spread far and near, insomuch that, when travelling once from the north to town, the mob, in the places where she rested at nights, assembled round the hotels, nor would they depart until she had appeared on the balconies to display to them her world-famed face.

And there is something strangely sad in the account of the death of another of the sisters, Lady Coventry, who perished of consumption while in the highest pride of youth and beauty. She is recorded as patiently awaiting the approach of death—her looking-glass her constant companion—as scarcely ever removing her eyes from the reflection of her own face, and as bewailing only the too early extinction of a beauty worthy of immortality.

At a later time, when the names of some favorite beauties are again recorded, the costume, totally different, was so hideous, that no one could wear it with impunity — hence the high reputation for beauty of Pauline Bonaparte and Madame Recamier. The former is described as appearing at a party, given by her mighty brother, in a tunic of white muslin, reaching little below the knee, and commencing far below the shoulders, the waist exceedingly short, and bound with a narrow girdle; sandals clothed the small feet, while a mantle of leopard skin hung around the perfect form of Canova's fairest model.

And there are many who can remember the appearance of Madame Recamier in the parks of London, clad in a robe as scanty and as simple — her

dark hair wreathed around her head and fastened with a bodkin to the summit, and a scarlet mantle wrapped around her.

Now-a-days, the toilet of a lady is exactly conducted upon the principles most becoming to all; few figures look ill in the sweeping robes and lengthened corsage — ample and stately, without stiffness; ankles, however thick, are concealed by the long dresses, now the mode. Features, however coarse, can be softened and shaded into something like symmetry, by the judicious arrangement of locks, permitted to be worn in bands, or braids, or ringlets, just as best suits the face they surround.

And while no arbitrary fashion forces the exposure of a frightful profile, a clumsy arm, a ponderous ankle, no rule exists to prevent the reverse of these being shown. Every lady is at liberty to bring out her own "good points" as she thinks best, and it is easy to do so, as well as to conceal her weak ones, without departing from the fashions that prevail.

THE SEWING CIRCLE.

"I cannot stop to alter words once written."

READER, did you ever go Where the ladies meet to sew, Needle, thimble, thread in hand, Old and young, a happy band? Take a seat and hear the chat. Now of this and then of that -Shoes or sofas, songs or bread, Books or dresses, lace or thread. The last wedding and the bride, And a little world beside, Works of genius, gems of art, Every thing must have a part! Then just see the fingers fly 'Mong those threads of every dye; Here a fadeless flower is blooming, There, a bud no worm 's consuming! Pray, sir, would you like to buy? Here's a purse you'd better try; Filled with Benton-mint-drops fair. It will make you music rare; Or, perhaps, you'd like this guard; Fairy fingers labored hard, Knot by knot, the silk to tie; Come, sir, you had better buy.

Hark! the door-bell - who is there? " Ladies, _____, Esquire." Then's renewed the merry hum; Gayly welcomed as they come, Father, brother, friend, and lover, Dick, the statesman, Will, the rover, Help to swell the careless ring, Laugh or chat, or sigh or sing. Time hath wings, the sages say; Sure to-night he would not stay: Soon, full soon the hour's come round, And we all are "homeward bound." Here's a melee, - great and small, Thronging through the entrance hall; But the night is dark at best, So, kind reader - guess the rest.

INNOCENT PLEASURES.

Few rightly estimate the worth Of joys that spring and fade on earth; They are not weeds we should despise, They are not fruits of paradise, But wild flowers in the pilgrim's way, That cheer, yet not protract his stay—Which he dare not too fondly clasp, Lest they should perish in his grasp; And yet may view and wisely love, As proofs and types of joys above.

WOMAN AND FAME.

Thou hast a charmed cup, O Fame!
A draught that mantles high,
And seems to lift this earthly frame
Above mortality.
Away! to me, a woman, bring
Sweet waters from affection's spring.

Thou hast green laurel leaves, that twine
Into so proud a wreath;
For that resplendent gift of thine,
Heroes have smiled in death;
Give me from some kind hand a flower,
The record of one happy hour!

Thou hast a voice, whose thrilling tone
Can bid each life-pulse beat,
As when a trumpet's note hath blown,
Calling the brave to meet:
But mine, let mine, a woman's breast,
By words of home-born love be blessed.

Fame, Fame! thou canst not be the stay
Unto the drooping reed,
The cool fresh fountain in the day
Of the soul's feverish need:
Where must the lone one turn or flee?
Not unto thee — O, not to thee!

DOUBT NOT.

When the day of life is dreary,
And when gloom thy course enshrouds,—
When thy steps are faint and weary,
And thy spirit dark with clouds,—
Steadfast still in thy well-doing,
Let thy soul forget the past;
Steadfast still the right pursuing,
Doubt not! joy shall come at last.

Striving still and onward pressing,
Seek no future years to know,
But deserve the wished-for blessing;
It shall come, though it be slow;
Never tiring — upward gazing —
Let thy fears aside be cast,
And thy trials tempting, braving,
Doubt not! joy shall come at last.

His fond eye is watching o'er thee —
His strong arm shall be thy guard —
Duty's path is straight before thee;
It shall lead to thy reward.
By thine ills thy faith made stronger,
Mould the future by the past —
Hope on then a little longer!
Doubt not! joy will come at last.

A SENTIMENT.

Since in this dreary vale of tears

No certainty but death appears,

Why should we waste our vernal years

In hoarding useless treasure?

No, — let the young and ardent mind
Become the friend of human kind,
And in the generous service find
A source of purer pleasure!

Better to live despised and poor,
Than guilt's eternal stings endure;
The future smile of God shall cure
The wound of earthly woes.

Vain world! did we but rightly feel
What ills thy treacherous charms conceal,
How would we long from thee to steal
To death,—and sweet repose!

NEVER GIVE. UP.

Never give up! it is wiser and better
Always to hope than once to despair;
Fling off the load of doubt's cankering fetter,
And break the dark spell of tyrannical care;
Never give up! or the burden may sink you—
Providence kindly has mingled the cup,
And in all trials, or troubles, bethink you,
The watchword of life must be, Never give up.

Never give up! there are chances and changes
Helping the hopeful a hundred to one,
And through the chaos high wisdom arranges
Every success, — if you'll only hope on:
Never give up! for the wisest is boldest,
Knowing that Providence mingles the cup,
And of all maxims the best, as the oldest,
Is the true watchword of Never give up.

Never give up!—though the grape-shot may rattle
Or the full thunder-cloud over you burst,
Stand like a rock—and the storm or the battle
Little shall harm you, though doing their worst.
Never give up!—if adversity presses,
Providence wisely has mingled the cup,
And the best counsel, in all your distresses,
Is the stout watchword of Never give up!

YOUNG WIVES.

Or all the springs of human joy and love, which divine compassion has opened in the parched and sterile paths of this weeping earth, none well up with purer brightness, or deeper freshness, to the thirsty and craving heart, than the trustful tenderness and tranquil happiness of a well-balanced union.

Though the relation of marriage is highly solemn in its moral bearings, and unspeakably bitter in the hopeless woe it inflicts upon selfish and discordant natures, yet the sympathy, support, and serene confidence it bestows upon affectionate and elevated spirits, are its peculiar gifts. A "mother's love" is as vital and fathomless as the life of her own soul; but its anxious and wasting cares, and trembling responsibilities, while they root her love more deeply, render a husband's sympathy and affection the necessary aliment of her happiness, and the rich reward of her maternal care and devo-But, as the tranquillity of married life is more dependent upon the performance of real duties, and gentle concessions, than fine sentiment and abstract theories, we would endeavor to present to our young

married readers some of its practical aspects, could we select any single view of peculiar importance, in the vast accumulation of influences which operate in domestic life. No expression of the face, no random word, no habit of manner, or cadence of voice, is uninfluential and unnoted, at least by memory, which treasures them all up for after thought, sooner or later.

If, then, previous negations become positive influences in married history, how serious must be the consequences of our actions and principles!

There are some general laws applicable in all cases; but so various are tastes, temperament, habits, circumstances, and position, that no one's experience will be fully adapted to the case of any other. We can only throw out a few remarks, to manifest our sympathy and interest for our youthful married readers, who have entered upon a path, the thorns or flowers of which may, in some instances, be of their own planting. Providence, it seems to us, has placed the precious treasure of domestic happiness more especially in the keeping of our own sex. Our habits, tastes, and truest attractions indicate the possession of this most delicate and impalpable of human influences. There are two elements of power, characteristic of the two sexes, and harmonizing in effect when each is exercised in its appropriate sphere. No woman who has true taste or self-respect would rob her own brow of its reflected glory, by casting her husband's crown of manhood

beneath her feet, to gratify an unfeminine and undignified love of ascendency and "management." Her influence, like the color and perfume of a blossom, will pervade her gentler province with its grace and sweetness, while she honors his manly prerogatives and nobler attributes as the highest compliment to her own understanding and taste.

Of the eminent Bishop Kennicott's wife, Mrs. Hannah More wrote, that "she was the object not only of her husband's affection, but of his pride; and he loved her as much from taste as tenderness." Such an elegant tribute to a tender and high-minded wife far outweighs the brightest gems "of Ormus and of Ind."

Let not the young wife simply imagine that the marriage vow secures her all the acquisitions, which can only be won by the exhibition of actual qualities in seasons of trial and duty. She has obtained the lover, but she has still a higher achievement to accomplish. Hopeless disappointment and chilled affection, or the slow and rich reward of a husband's increasing tenderness and approving judgment, are now, like the "lights and shadows" of an April sky, trembling in her bridal horoscope. Her own principle of duty will "weave the warp and weave the woof" of her future lot. She has entered upon a scene solemnized by serious claims and high responsibilities. Her former theories and present knowledge are useless to guide her sensitive and apprehensive spirit. She must commence with her own

self-discipline. Her poetic abstractions of excellence must be converted into tangible duties, and her craving sensibilities must nourish, by patient tenderness, the love that querulous demands would weary and repel. She must not only minister to his domestic comfort and enjoyment, but she should create in herself new tastes and faculties, and task all the deeper energies of her own nature, to meet the nobler necessities of his heart and mind, that no other source may be found to supply to him the aspirations and sympathies born of her intellect and tenderness.

When a union, founded upon sympathy and taste, is sanctified by religious faith, and "made sure and steadfast" by a "hope of life everlasting," the "spring" is then fed from a "fountain" whose "living waters" will nourish the roots of the soul's nobler affections

"Till all be made immortal."

ALL ALONE.

It is not that my lot is low, That bids this silent tear to flow; It is not grief that bids me moan; It is, that I am all alone.

In woods and glens I love to roam, When the tired hedger hies him home; Or by the woodland pool to rest, When the pale star looks on its breast.

Yet when the silent evening sighs, With hallowed airs and symphonies, My spirit takes another tone, And sighs that it is all alone.

The autumn leaf is sear and dead; It floats upon the water's bed: I would not be a leaf, to die Without recording sorrow's sigh!

The woods and winds, with sullen wail, Tell all the same unvaried tale; I've none to smile when I am free, And when I sigh, to sigh for me!

Yet in my dreams a form I view, That thinks on me, and loves me too: I start, and when the vision's flown, I weep that I am all alone.

THE INVOCATION.

O, ART thou still on earth, my love?

My only love!

Or smiling in a brighter home,

Far, far above?

O, is thy sweet voice fled, my love?

Thy light step gone?

And art thou not, in earth or heaven,

Still, still my own?

I see thee with thy gleaming hair,
In midnight dreams!
But cold, and clear, and spirit-like,
Thy soft eye seems.

Peace in thy saddest hour, my love,

Dwell on thy brow!

But something mournfully divine

There shineth now!

And silent ever is thy lip,

And pale thy cheek:

O, art thou earth's, or art thou heaven's?

Speak to me, speak!

A WISH.

I ASK not golden stores of wealth,
Or rank, and pomp, and state;
The noble's glittering coronet,
The mansion of the great.
I care not that around my brow
Fame's laurel wreath should twine;
Or that on history's glowing page
My name may proudly shine.

I envy not the calm retreat,
From worldly noise and strife,
The lowly cot, the flower-gemmed path,
The simple joys of life.
I ask not that in soft repose
My peaceful days may glide,
As the light bark is borne along
The deep, unruffled tide.

But this I ask; that while I live,
I may not live in vain;
For I would cheer the aching heart,
And soothe the mourner's pain;
Would wipe away grief's bitter tears,
The poor man's struggles aid;
And guide the wanderer back, whose steps
From virtue's path have strayed.

Then, whether affluence and state
Shall be my destined lot,
Or 'neath the humble cottage roof
I dwell, it matters not;
If I, by self-denying love,
Earth's weary ones can bless,
And deepen, as I pass along
The stream of happiness.

LOST TIME.

I THREW a bubble to the sea;
A billow caught it hastily;
Another billow quickly came,
Successfully the prize to claim:
From wave to wave, unchecked it passed,
Till tossed upon a strand at last.
Thus glide unto the unknown shore
Those golden moments we deplore;
Those moments which, not thrown away,
Might win for us eternal day.

SISTER, SINCE I MET THEE LAST.

SISTER, since I met thee last,
O'er thy brow a change hath passed:
In the softness of thine eyes,
Deep and still, a shadow lies;
From thy voice there thrills a tone
Never to thy childhood known;
Through thy soul a storm hath moved:
Gentle sister, thou hast loved!

Yes, thy varying cheek hath caught
Hues too bright from troubled thought;
Far along the wandering stream,
Thou art followed by a dream;
In the woods and valleys lone
Music haunts thee not thine own;
Wherefore fall thy tears like rain?
Sister, thou hast loved in vain!

Tell me not the tale, my flower;
On my bosom pour that shower!
Tell me not of kind thoughts wasted;
Tell me not of young hopes blasted;
Wring not forth one burning word;
Let thy heart no more be stirred:
Home alone can give thee rest;
Weep, sweet sister, on my breast!

TO LUCRETIA.

I'm sitting by thy side,
Within the old arm-chair;
The cushion's soft and wide,
The back is high and square;
'Tis like an old French chaise,
With room for only two,—
A thing of other days,
When rocking-chairs were few.

The paint is fading fast,

The arms are smooth as horn,
The cushion, too, at last,
Is sadly soiled and worn;
Its limbs are failing, too,
It totters now and then;
Alack! arm-chairs, 'tis true,
Decline as well as men.

When first thou wert my bride,
Near forty years ago,
We sat thus side by side,
Just as to-night we do;
And thou wert young and fair,
Thy brow was white as snow,
And look at my gray hair,
'Twas blacker, then, you know.

Thou 'st been a noble wife,
Hast done thy duty well,
And both have passed through life,
In peace no words can tell;
And now we're growing old,
Approaching fast to death—
But does thy love grow cold,
Like autumn's chilling breath?

I read it in thine eyes,
I feel it in thy hand,
I hear it in thy sighs,
Thy love with time shall stand.
We'll soon depart from earth,
For mansions in the skies,
And there they'll know thy worth,
For angels all are wise.

WOMAN.

I BELIEVE

That woman, in her deepest degradation, Holds something sacred, something undefiled, Some pledge and keepsake of her higher nature, And, like the diamond in the dark, retains Some quenchless gleam of the celestial light.

MAN AND WOMAN.

We have heard much said in our time upon the relative position of the two sexes, have listened to discussions in debating societies upon this interesting theme, and have read a few pamphlets, not to say volumes, upon the subject, and therefore ought to have a pretty good knowledge of all that has been said, and all that is possible to say upon the question, and the best kind of a right to settle it beyond all further controversy or appeal.

And in the first place we would say, that the question as to superiority between the sexes can never be decided either way, for the simple reason that each is inferior and each superior, in some qualities, to the other. As it is said of two orders of heavenly beings, "The cherubim know most, the seraphim love most," so would we say that the man knows most, the woman loves most. And it were as rash to say that either man or woman was the superior being, as to place cherub above seraph or seraph above cherub.

The truth is, that in the beautiful order of nature, the man and woman together make the perfect man.

Thus they were created, as the Scripture saith: "So God created man in his own image; in the image of God created he him: male and female created he them." Every thing in this earth is disjointed and imperfect - even the planets can only attain their grand circular marches, not from one steady impulse, but from the union of two different forces. It is so with every thing in this world. Nothing is perfect, whole, and circular; all is imperfect, halved, and unfinished. And because this is so, is it that the most perfect happiness results from the union of two congenial minds. And they are congenial, not so much because they resemble one another, in one sense, but because they join and fit into one another, as it were, and tend to make up the perfect luos

But there are some women that will not be satisfied with any thing less than an entire equality, or rather similarity, with men. These, however, are very few, and they have generally blundered into such demands from a consciousness of violated rights, not seeing exactly what those rights were. We do not believe that women will ever equal men in certain departments of literature, neither do we believe that men will ever equal women in certain other.

Each have their appropriate walk, and a masculine woman is as much out of the beautiful order of nature, as an effeminate man. What is natural is ever lovely and beautiful to the soul, but what is

unnatural is repulsive. We cannot go behind nature and say why this is so; we can only feel and acknowledge that it is. Each sex has its peculiar station and duties in the world, else the creation of more than one were superfluous. Each has plenty of work adapted to its mode of thought, its peculiar feelings, power, and physical organization. Let the only strife, therefore, between the two, be as to which shall perform its part most faithfully "in the great Taskmaster's eye."

"THEY sin who tell us love can die; With life all other passions fly, All others are but vanity: In heaven ambition cannot dwell. Nor avarice in the vaults of hell: Earthly these passions of the earth, They perish where they have their birth. But love is indestructible: Its holy flame forever burneth: From heaven it came, to heaven returneth. Too oft on earth a troubled guest, At times deceived, at times oppressed. It here is tried and purified, Then has in heaven its perfect rest: It soweth here with toil and care. But the harvest-time of love is there."

TO MY MOTHER.

Off I've thought of thee, my mother,
In the lonely hours of night,
While the winter storms were sighing
And the stars had hid their light;
Hoarse the sleet came coldly beating
On the window's casement low,
Strong and vivid thought upwaking
Of the homestead by the knowe.

Backward to the Past I wandered,—
To the old white-bearded Past,—
Then he bade me sit beside him,
By the hand he held me fast;
And, though not a word was spoken,—
Not a whisper uttered low,—
Still he told how thou didst love me
In the homestead by the knowe.

Straight he pointed to the bedside,
And I saw one standing there
Deeply listening to my verses,
And my little rhyming prayer.
Heard I then her gentle blessing,
In a voice so soft and low,
That I knew my saint-like mother
In the homestead by the knowe.

Out he led me by the brooklet,
And among the garden flowers,
Blessed me with the richest odors
Caught from blossoms after showers;
Filled my hand with ripened fruitage,
And then bade me homeward go,
Bearing all to my dear mother
In the homestead by the knowe.

Then the good old Past would leave me
With the full tears in my eyes,
That our pathway is no longer
Hand in hand to Paradise;
Still, like circles o'er the water,
Ever widening as they flow,
Comes thine influence, blessed mother,
From the homestead by the knowe.

But thy step is getting weary,
And thine eye is growing dim;
Time upon thy brow is writing
Thou hast almost done with him.
Yet, dear mother, when thou diest,
Gentle hands shall lay thee low,
Kneel and bless thee, where thou liest,
In the homestead by the knowe.

FAREWELL TO MY MOTHER.

MOTHER, I leave thy dwelling,
Thy counsel, and thy care;
With grief my heart is swelling,
No more in them to share;
Nor hear that sweet voice speaking
When hours of joy run high,
Nor meet that mild eye seeking
When sorrow's touch comes nigh.

Mother, I leave thy dwelling,
And the sweet hour of prayer;
With grief my heart is swelling
No more to meet thee there.
Thy faith and fervor, pleading
In unspent tones of love,
Perchance my soul are leading
To better hopes above.

Mother, I leave thy dwelling;
O, shall it be forever?
With grief my heart is swelling,
From thee — from thee — to sever.
These arms, that now enfold me
So closely to thy heart,
These eyes, that now behold me,
From all — from all — I part.

TO MISS F. A. L., ON HER BIRTHDAY.

What wish can friendship form for thee,
What brighter star invoke to shine?
Thy path from every thorn is free,
And every rose is thine!

Life hath no purer joys in store,
Time hath no sorrow to efface;
Hope cannot paint one blessing more
Than memory can retrace!

Some hearts a boding fear might own, Had fate to them thy portion given, Since many an eye, by tears alone, Is taught to gaze on heaven!

And there are virtues oft concealed,
Till roused by anguish from repose,
As odorous trees no balm will yield,
Till from their wounds it flows.

But fear not thou the lesson fraught
With sorrow's chastening power to know;
Thou need'st not thus be sternly taught
"To melt at others' woe;"

Then still, with heart as blest, as warm, Rejoice thou in thy lot on earth; Ah! why should virtue dread the *storm*, If sunbeams prove her worth?

THE YOUNG WIFE'S APPEAL.

O HUSBAND, husband, go not out
Again this stormy night,
For snowy clouds have hid the earth
Within a robe of white.
Hark to the whistling winds, that scream
Like fiends amid their glee,
And now, subdued, they seem to moan
A dirge-like melody.

O husband, husband, do not leave
Our fire, so bright and warm,
To brave the darkness of the night,
And dangers of the storm.
The fire it burneth pleasantly
Upon our tidy hearth —
We may be happy here to-night,
And join in songs of mirth.

Think of the many joyous hours
We have together spent,
When to my grief your gentle voice
A charm of music lent.
Think of the holy book we read,
Ere we in prayer did bow;
And here it is — the same good book —
Come, read it to me now.

I LIVE TO LOVE.

"I LIVE to love," said a laughing girl, And she playfully tossed each flaxen curl, As she climbed on her loving father's knee, And snatched a kiss in her childish glee.

"I live to love," said a maiden fair, As she twined a wreath for her sister's hair; They were bound by the cords of love together And death alone could those sisters sever.

"I live to love," said a gay young bride, Her loved one standing by her side; Her life told again what her lips had spoken, And ne'er was the link of affection broken.

"I live to love," said a mother kind —
"I would live a guide to the infant mind;"
Her precepts and example given,
Guided her children home to heaven.

"I shall live to love," said a fading form, And her eye was bright, and her cheek grew warm, As she thought, in the blissful world on high, She would live to love, and never die.

And ever thus, in this lower world, Should the banner of love be wide unfurled; And when we meet in the world above, May we love to live, and live to love!

FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP! peculiar boon of Heaven,
The noble mind's delight and pride,
To men and angels only given,
To all the lower world denied.

While love, unknown among the blest, Parent of thousand wild desires, The savage and the human breast Torments alike with raging fires.

With bright, but oft destructive gleam,
Alike o'er all his lightnings fly;
Thy lambent glories only beam
Around the favorites of the sky.

Thy gentle flows of guiltless joy
On fools and villains ne'er descend;
In vain for thee the tyrant sighs,
And hugs a flatterer for a friend.

Directress of the brave and just,
O, guide us through life's darksome way!
And let the tortures of mistrust
On selfish bosoms only prey.

Nor shall thine ardor cease to glow,
When souls to blissful climes remove;
What raised our virtue here below,
Shall aid our happiness above.

BE KIND.

Be kind to thy father — for when thou wert young,
Who loved thee so fondly as he?
He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,
And joined in thy innocent glee.
Be kind to thy father, for now he is old,
His locks intermingled with gray;
His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold;
Thy father is passing away.

Be kind to thy mother — for, lo! on her brow
May traces of sorrow be seen;
O, well mayst thou cherish and comfort her now,
For loving and kind hath she been.
Remember thy mother — for thee she will pray
As long as God giveth her breath;
With accents of kindness then cheer her lone way,
E'en down to the valley of death.

Be kind to thy brother — his heart will have dearth
If the smile of thy joy be withdrawn;
The flowers of feeling will fade at the birth,
If the dew of affection be gone.
Be kind to thy brother — wherever you are,
The love of a brother shall be
An ornament purer and richer by far
Than pearls from the depth of the sea.

Be kind to thy sister — not many may know
The depth of true sisterly love;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.
Thy kindness shall bring thee many sweet hours,
And blessings thy pathway to crown;
Affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers
More precious than wealth or renown.

LET every minute, as it flies,
Record thee good as well as wise:
While such pursuits your thoughts engage,
In a few years you'll live an age.
Who measures life by rolling years?
Fools measure by revolving spheres!
Go thou, and fetch th' unerring rule
From Virtue's and from Wisdom's school.
Who well improves life's shortest day
Will scarce regret its setting ray.

BE KIND TO OLD AGE.

BE ever kind to those who bend
Beneath the weight of time;
For they were once, like thee, my friend,
In blooming manhood's prime.

But bitter cares and weary years
Have borne their joys away,
Till nought remains but age and tears,
And darkening, dim decay.

Life's sweetest hours have hastened past,
Its bloom is faded now,
And dusky twilight deepens fast
Along the furrowed brow.

And soon the shattered remnants all A narrow house receives;
For one by one they silent fall,
Like withered autumn leaves.

O, then be kind, where'er thou art!
Nor deem such action vain;
Kind words can make the aged heart
Seem almost young again.

Cheer thou the weary pilgrim on
To yonder mansion cold;
And may the same for thee be done
When thou thyself art old.

GOOD NIGHT.

Day is past.

Stars have set their watch at last. Founts that through the deep woods flow, Make sweet sounds unheard till now, Flowers have shut with fading light — Good night.

Go to rest.

Sleep sits dove-like on thy breast! If within that secret cell One dark form of memory dwell, Be it mantled from thy sight-Good night!

Joy be thine.

Kind looks o'er thy slumbers shine! Go, and in thy spirit-land Meet thy home's long parted band; Be their eyes all love and light -Good night!

Peace to all'!

Dreams of heaven on mourners fall! Exile, o'er thy couch may gleams Pass from thine own mountain streams; Bard, away to worlds more bright -Good night!

TIME FOR ALL THINGS.

There is a time to live! 'Tis when
The world hath wants;
When we can dry the mourner's tears,
When we can chase the gloomy fears,
Which shadow life's eventful years,
And haunt our world.

There is a time to work! 'Tis while
The daylight lasts;
While God prolongs existence here,
And crowns with plenty every year,
And makes his goodness to appear
In all around.

There is a time to play! 'Tis when
Our toil is o'er;
When daylight disappears from earth,
And loved ones gather 'round the hearth,
And youth and age give way to mirth,
Which nature craves.

There is a time to weep! 'Tis when
The world is dark;
When parents, friends, and loved ones die,
And our fond hopes in ruin lie,
And life and beauty quickly fly
From every breast.

There is a time to love! 'Tis when
Life's spring is bright;
When friends with kindness cluster round,
And blessings every where abound,
And warm and generous hearts are found,
To cheer our own.

There is a time to dance!! 'Tis when
We know no sin;
On flowery plains and verdant hills,
While music every bosom thrills,
And love to God each heart doth fill,—
Then dance with songs.

There is a time to pray! 'Tis when
We hope or fear;
In times of happiness or woe,
When joy or ill the heart doth know,
Let sinners to the Savior go,
And always pray.

There is a time to die! 'Tis when
Our work is done;
'Tis when our peace with God is made,
And we in Jesus' robes arrayed,
And from our eyes the earth doth fade,
Then may we die.

BURNS AND HIS HIGHLAND MARY.

FEW poets have a deeper hold on the hearts of the New Englanders than Robert Burns, whose errors are forgotten in the contemplation of his genius and his worth.

We recently had in our possession the identical pair of Bibles presented by the immortal Burns to the dearest object of his affections, Highland Mary, on the banks of the winding Ayr, when he spent with her "one day of parting love." They are in remarkably good preservation, and belong to a descendant of the family of Mary's mother, Mrs. Campbell, whose property they became on the death of her daughter; and subsequently Mrs. Anderson, Mary's only surviving sister, acquired them. The circumstance of the Bible being in two volumes, seemed at one time to threaten its dismemberment, Mrs. Anderson having presented a volume to each of her two daughters; but on their approaching marriage, their brother William prevailed on them to dispose of the sacred volumes to him. On the first blank leaf of the first volume is written, in the

handwriting of the immortal bard, "And ye shall not swear by my name falsely—I am the Lord.—Levit. 19th chap. 12th verse;" and on the corresponding leaf of the second volume, "Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oath. Matth. 5th chap. 33d verse." On the second blank leaf of each volume, there are the remains of "Robert Burns, Mossigiel," in his handwriting, beneath which is drawn a masonic emblem. At the end of the first volume there is a lock of Highland Mary's hair.

There is a mournful interest attached to these sacred volumes - sacred from their contents, and sacred from having been a pledge of love from the most gifted of Scotland's bards to the artless object of his affectious, from whom he was separating, no more to meet on this side the grave. The life of Burns was full of romance, but there is not one circumstance in it all so romantic and full of interest as those which attended and followed the gift of these volumes. He was young when he wooed and won the affections of Mary, whom he describes as "a warm-hearted, charming young creature as ever blessed a man with generous love." The attachment was mutual, and forms the subject of many of his earlier lyrics, as well as of the productions of his later years, which shows that it was very deeprooted. Before he was known to fame, steeped in poverty to the very dregs, and meditating an escape to the West Indies from the remorseless fangs of a

hard-hearted creditor, he addressed to his "dear girl" the song which begins,

"Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave auld Scotia's shore?
Will you go to the Indies, my Mary,
And cross the Atlantic's roar?"

But neither Burns nor his Mary was doomed to "cross the Atlantic's roar," nor to realize those dreams of mutual bliss which passion or enthusiasm had engendered in their youthful imaginations.—Burns was called to Edinburgh, there to commence his career of fame, which was to terminate in chill poverty, dreary disappointment, and dark despair; while Mary's happier lot, after a transient gleam of the sunshine of life, was to be removed to a better and a happier world. Her death shed a sadness over his whole future life, and a spirit of subdued grief and tenderness was displayed whenever she was the subject of his conversation or writings.—Witness as follows:—

"Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomerie,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie;
There simmer first unfolds her robes,
An' there they langest tarry,
For there I took my last farweel
O' my sweet Hieland Mary!"

In a note appended to this song, Burns says, "This was a composition of mine in my early life,

before I was known at all to the world. My Highland lassie was a warm-hearted, charming young creature as ever blessed a man with generous love. After a pretty long trial of the most ardent reciprocal affection, we met by appointment on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot on the banks of the Ayr, where we spent a day in taking a farewell before she would embark for the West Highlands, to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of the autumn following, she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock; where she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to her grave in a few days, before I could even hear of her illness."

It was at this romantic and interesting meeting, on the banks of the Ayr, that the Bibles before us were presented to Mary; and he must have a heart of stone, indeed, who can gaze on them without his imagination calling up feelings in his bosom too big for utterance. On that spot they exchanged Bibles and plighted their faith to each other, the stream dividing them, and the sacred book grasped by both over its purling waters. This was the only token of affection each had to give the other, and the wealth of the Indies could not have procured a better or more appropriate one.

In Lockhart's Life of Burns we are informed that, several years after the death of Mary, on the anniversary of the day which brought him the melancholy intelligence, he appeared, as the twilight

advanced, (in the language of his widow,) "very sad about something;" and though the evening was a cold and keen one in September, he wandered into his barnyard, from which the entreaties of his wife could not, for some time, recall him. To these entreaties he always promised obedience, but these promises were but the lip-kindnesses of affection, no sooner made than forgotten, for his eye was fixed on heaven, and his unceasing stride indicated that his heart was also there. Mrs. Burns's last approach to the barnvard found him stretched on a mass of straw, looking abstractedly on a planet which, in a clear, starry sky, "shone like another noon," and having prevailed on him to return into the house, he instantly wrote, as they stand, the following sublime verses, "To Mary in Heaven," which have thrilled through many breasts, and drawn tears from many eyes, and which will live the noblest of the lyrics of Burns while sublimity and pathos have a responding charm in the hearts of Scotchmen.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.

O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend this breast?

That sacred hour can I forget?

Can I forget the hallowed grove,

Where by the winding Ayr we met,

To live one day of parting love?

Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace —
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kissed his pebbled shore,
O'crhung with wild woods, thickening green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined amorous round the raptured scene.

The flowers sprang wanton to be pressed,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till soon, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of the winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes, And fondly broods with miser care! Time but the impression deeper makes, As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy blissful place of rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

SMILES.

Were no bright smiles to shed their light Upon life's clouded way, Our path would lead through constant night, Without one cheerful ray.

A smiling face is like the sun,
Whose rays encircle earth —
It sheds its beams on every one,
Without regard to birth.

Smiles well compare with fragrant flowers
Upon some desert spot —
They cheer the heart in those sad hours
Which mark affliction's lot.

Warm-hearted smiles wield magic power
O'er all the sons of grief —
They gild the clouds that darkly lower,
Imparting kind relief.

The angels smile who bend their flight
Towards our fallen sphere;
And all engage, with fond delight,
The sorrowful to cheer.

Were smiles to glow in every face
Now sternly fixed on men,
Our world would be a blissful place,
A paradise again.

FAR AWAY.

FAR away! — my home is far away,
Where the blue sea laves a mountain shore;
In the woods I hear my brothers play,
'Midst the flowers my sister sings once more,
Far away!

Far away! my dreams are far away,
When, at midnight, stars and shadows reign;
"Gentle child," my mother seems to say,
"Follow me, where home shall smile again!"
Far away!

Far away! my hope is far away,
Where love's voice young gladness may restore;
O thou dove! now soaring through the day,
Lend me wings to reach that better shore,
Far away!

THE LADY ROSE.

Why better than the lady rose
Love I this little flower?
Because its fragrant leaves are those
I loved in childhood's hour.

Let Nature spread her loveliest,
By spring or summer nursed;
Yet still I love the violet best,
Because I loved it first!

Thou beautiful new-comer,
With white and maiden brow,
Thou fairy gift from summer,
Why art thou blooming now?

No sweet companion pledges
Thy health as dew-drops pass;
No rose is on the hedges,
No violet in the grass.

Thou art watching, and thou only,
Above the earth's snow-tomb;
Thus lovely and thus lonely,
I bless thee for thy bloom.

THE BIRD AT SEA.

BIRD of the greenwood,
O, why art thou here?
Leaves dance not o'er thee,
Flowers bloom not near.
All the sweet waters
Far hence at play—
Bird of the greenwood,
Away, away!

Where the mast quivers,
Thy place will not be,
As 'midst the waving
Of wild rose and tree.
How shouldst thou battle
With storm and with spray?
Bird of the greenwood,
Away, away!

Or art thou seeking
Some brighter land,
Where, by the south wind,
Vine leaves are fanned?
'Midst the wild billows,
Why then delay?
Bird of the greenwood,
Away, away!

"Chide not my lingering
Where storms are dark;
A hand that hath nursed me
Is in the bark;
A heart that hath cherished
Through winter's long day;
So I turn from the greenwood;
Away, away!"

A SIMILE.

As summer birds and summer flowers, To cheer the heart, so briefly stay, So spirit-pleasures from the bowers Of love and peace soon haste away.

But summer birds and summer flowers Return with each returning spring; So oft return life's happy hours, When spirit-joys the soul may sing.

THE PRAIRIE.

Gop formed the world for beauty,
And hung it in the air,
Then clothed it in its loveliness,
And called it "good" and fair.
His are the burnished heavens,
With all their orbs of light;
He gave the stars their lustre
They shed upon the night.

He made the mighty ocean,
Its grandeur and its grace,
And gave its mystic splendor
A mirror for His face.
No nobler emblem hath He,
No greater, none more free,
No symbol half so touching
As the bounding, mighty sea.

But O, the blooming prairie!

Here are God's floral bowers;
Of all that He hath made on earth,
The loveliest are the flowers.
This is the Almighty's garden,
And the mountains, stars, and sea
Are nought, compared in beauty
With God's garden prairie free.

FABLE OF THE WOOD ROSE AND THE LAUREL.

In these deep shades a floweret blows,
Whose leaves a thousand sweets disclose;
With modest air it hides its charms,
And every breeze its leaves alarms;
Turns on the ground its bashful eyes,
And oft unknown, neglected, dies.
This flower, as late I careless strayed,
I saw in all its charms arrayed.
Fast by the spot where low it grew,
A proud and flaunting Wood Rose blew.
With haughty air her head site raised,
And on the beauteous plant she gazed.
While struggling passion swelled her breast,
She thus her kindling rage expressed:—

"Thou worthless flower,
Go leave my bower,
And hide in humbler scenes thy head:
How dost thou dare,
Where roses are,
Thy scents to shed?
Go, leave my bower, and live unknown;
I'll rule the field of flowers alone."

"And dost thou think," the Laurel cried, And raised its head with modest pride, While on its little trembling tongue A drop of dew incumbent hung,— "And dost thou think I'll leave this bower,
The seat of many a friendly flower,
The scene where first I grew?
Thy haughty reign will soon be o'er,
And thy frail form will bloom no more;
My flower will perish too.

"But know, proud rose,
When winter's snows
Shall fall where once thy beauties stood,
My pointed leaf of shining green
Will still amid the gloom be seen,
To cheer the leafless wood."

"Presuming fool!" the Wood Rose cried,
And strove in vain her shame to hide;
But, ah! no more the flower could say;
For, while she spoke, a transient breeze
Came rustling through the neighboring trees,
And bore her boasted charms away.

And such, said I, is beauty's power!
Like thee she falls, poor, trifling flower;
And, if she lives her little day,
Life's winter comes with rapid pace,
And robs her form of every grace,
And steals her bloom away.

But in thy form, thou Laurel green,
Fair virtue's semblance soon is seen.
In life she cheers each different stage,
Spring's transient reign, and summer's glow,
And autumn mild, advancing slow,

And lights the eye of age.

MARGERY.

I see thee still, as in a dream,
Margery!
I am changed, but thou dost seem
The same to me,
The same sweet being bright and fair,
With beaming eyes, and auburn hair,
That once did my young heart insnare,
Margery!

For pure, primeval charms were thine,
Margery!

Expressing innocence divine
So beauteously,
That village maidens loved to bear
Garlands to thee of flowerets rare,
And owned thee "fairest of the fair,"
Margery!

Clear wandering waters — balmy gales,
Margery!
Calm moonlight walks, and tender tales
I told to thee;
These trooping to my mind return,
My fancies glow, and feelings yearn: —
'Tis o'er — and I again do mourn,
Margery!

Thou wast a flower that faded soon, Margery!

A star that waned before night's noon Did come to thee.

Admiring eyes were strained to know The heavenly light thou didst bestow, And grieved that thou so soon must go, Margery!

Joys are now thine, beyond compare,
Margery!

Thy harp and song ascend in air
Where angels be;

Thy guileless heart and thoughtful brow, Thy frequent orisons which thou Didst love, receive rich guerdon now,

Margery!

I still remain, and cares are mine, Margery!

Yet, as I weakly would repine, I think of thee;

Then halcyon scenes we trod of yore—
Thoughts that with sweet romance ran o'er,
And all blest things thou dost restore,

Margery!

RETURNING A STOLEN RING.

Well, lady, take again the ring,
To deck that lily hand of thine,
And with it take the gift I bring,
To lay on beauty's golden shrine.

With every joy and pleasure gay,
May all thine hours roll swift along,
And life in beauty glide away,
Like the rich cadence of a song.

And in that future happy time,

Thine earlier friends perchance forgot,
Say, wilt thou read this careless rhyme,
And him who wrote remember not?

Remember not! and can it be
That joyous memories ever die?
That all my heart can feel for thee
Is but a lightly whispered sigh?

Ay, it is written on our lot,

That lot so varied, dark, and strange,
To meet, to pass, and be forgot,
In painful and perpetual change.

But dash this idle gloom away,
And be again the gay and free;
Thou must not to thy dying day
Forget this stolen ring and me!

THE VOICE OF SPRING AND AUTUMN.

The voice of Spring! and blushing flowers
Lean trembling from their seats,
Wooing from sunbeams and from showers
A free exchange of sweets:
Blithe birds their matin notes prolong
Among the cottage vines,
And cottage children list the song—
Sweet incense to sweet shrines!
Loath to depart, the sunny stream,
Oft turning, glides away—
All things of Paradise, the dream
To this dim spot convey.

Hearts, which the sweet affections bind
With nature's purest tie,
Where hope and faith are deeply shrined,
Too deeply, soon to die —
Ye love the season! pure as light,
Untired the spirits play:
Rich dreams are yours for coming night,
And richer still for day.
"Speed, speed my bark! life's laughing seas
Are not as false as fair"—
The white sail fills — cold blows the breeze,
And rocks have darkened there!

The voice of Autumn! earth receives
The summons of decay:
Rustling around, the yellow leaves
Bestrew the wanderer's way.
No bloom or balm to cheer the hours;
The blithe bird sings no more;
Hoarse brawls the stream in forest bowers,
That murmured sweet before;
Through the black woodland, dim and pale,
The dying hills appear;
And hark! the moaning night-winds wail
The requiem of the year!

Hearts, where misfortune has effaced
The sunrise beams of youth,
And cold experience truly traced,
"Earth is no home for truth;"
Fame, friendship, pleasure,—vainly bought—
Love—wasted to a sigh—
Dark night descending—ere ye thought
The gentle evening nigh:
What hope remains? "Lone Autumn's smile
To mourners kindly given,
Wasted on changing earth a while,
Beams from unchanging heaven."

I GO, SWEET FRIENDS.

I go, sweet friends! yet think of me
When Spring's young voice awakes the flowers;
For we have wandered far and free,
In those bright hours, the violet's hours.

I go, but when you pause to hear,
From distant hills, the Sabbath bell
On summer winds float silvery clear,
Think on me then — I loved it well!

Forget me not around your hearth,
When cheerly smiles the ruddy blaze,
For dear hath been its evening mirth,
To me, sweet friends, in other days.

And O, when music's voice is heard

To melt in strains of parting woe,

When hearts to love and grief are stirred,—

Think of me then! I go, I go!

GOOD BY.

FAREWELL! farewell! is often heard
From the lips of those who part;
'Tis a whispered tone — 'tis a gentle word,
But it springs not from the heart.
It may serve for the lover's closing lay,
To be sung 'neath a summer's sky;
But give to me the lips that say
The honest words — "Good by!"

Adieu! adieu! may greet the ear,
In the guise of courtly speech;
But when we leave the kind and dear,
'Tis not what the soul would teach.
Whene'er we grasp the hands of those
We would have forever nigh,
The flame of friendship bursts and glows
In the warm, frank words—"Good by!"

The mother, sending forth her child
To meet with cares and strife,
Breathes, through her tears, her doubts and fears
For the loved one's future life.
No cold "adieu," no "farewell," lives
Within her choking sigh;
But the deepest sob of anguish gives—
"God bless thee, boy! good by!"

THE HISTORY OF LIFE.

Day dawned. Within a curtained room, Filled to faintness with perfume, A lady lay at point of doom.

Day closed. A child has seen the light, But for the lady fair and bright, She rested in undreaming night!

Spring came. The lady's grave was green, And near it oftentimes was seen A gentle boy, with thoughtless mien.

Years fled. He wore a manly face,
And struggled in the world's rough race,
And won at last a lofty place.

And then HE DIED! Behold before ye Humanity's brief sum and story, Life, Death, and all there is of — Glory.

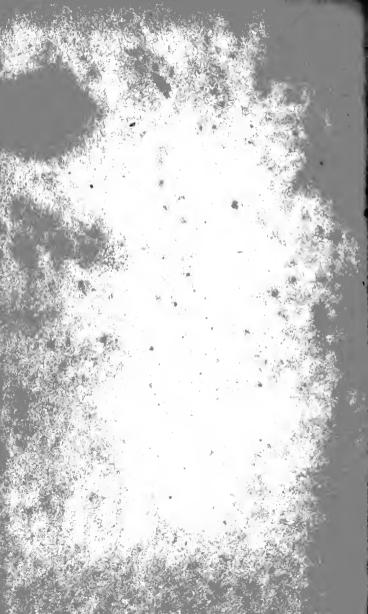
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